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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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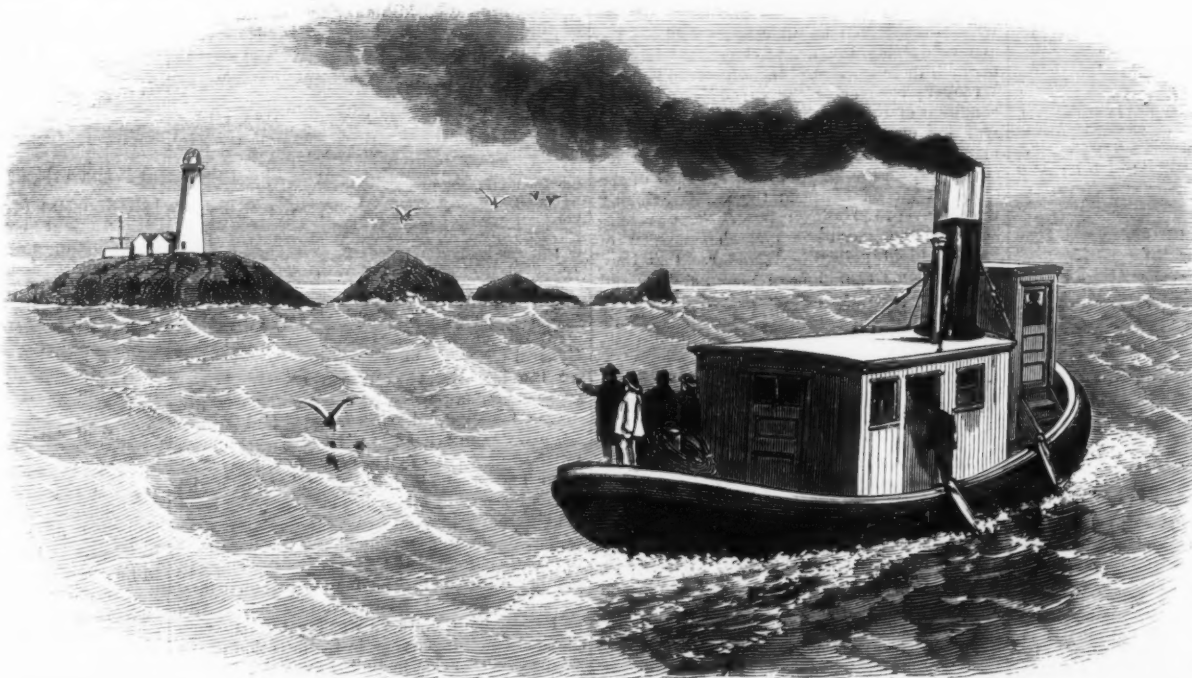
NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1873.

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INTEMPERANCE AND LIFE INSURANCE.

ONE of the Ohio Courts has decided the principle that if the person insured misrepresents his mode of life, or indulges in intemperate habits, his policy is invalidated.

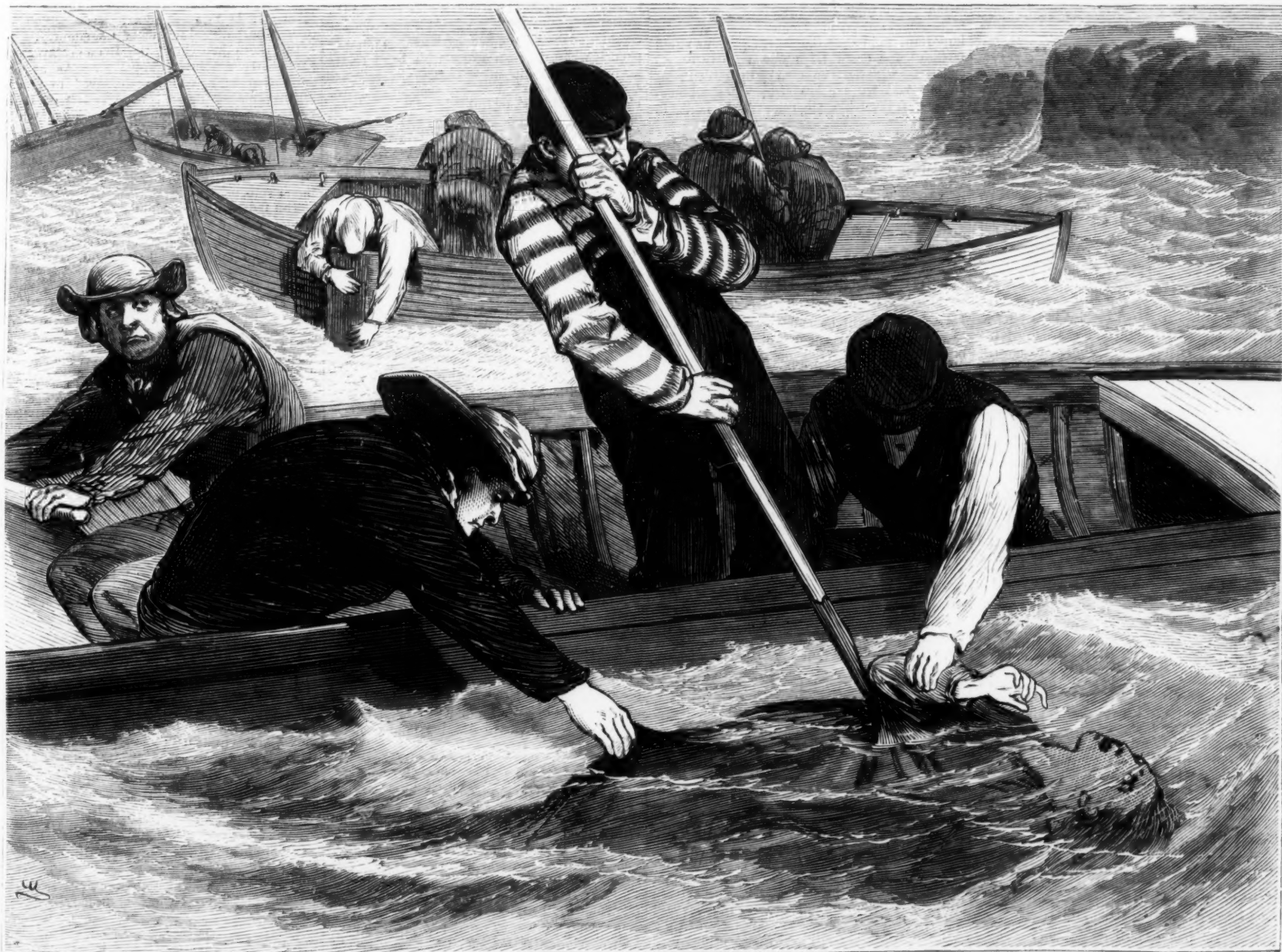
We think this decision to be sound. Hitherto the Courts have held differently. It is well enough to state the Ohio case, which is as follows: The Company resisted the payment on the ground that Davidson had died in consequence of intemperate habits; and they set up the following declaration made by the deceased in applying for insurance: "I do not, nor will I, practice any bad or vicious habit that tends to shorten life." This, they contended, was an



OUR ARTISTS ON THE PRESS-BOAT PASSING SAMBRO LIGHT ON THEIR WAY TO THE WRECK.

untrue declaration. In regard to this clause, which was made a part of the policy, the Court charged the jury that it was a warranty, and unless it was literally true, and continued to be so, the plaintiff was not entitled to recover.

The terms of the warranty were that the applicant "did not and would not practice any bad or vicious habit that tended to the shortening of life. The jury would therefore consider whether or not, at the time of the application, or afterward, the deceased indulged to an extent amounting to a habit in the use of intoxicating liquors; and if so, whether this was a bad or vicious habit which tended to the shortening of life." In defining the meaning of the word "habit," the Court instructed the jury that the frequent drinking



FISHERMEN IN THEIR BOATS RECOVERING THE BODIES OF DROWNED PASSENGERS.

NOVA SCOTIA.—LATEST SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC."—FROM SKETCHES BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 105.

of spirits leads to habits of intemperance, and that if they found from the evidence that the deceased, at the time the application was made, or subsequently, had an appetite for intoxicating drinks to such an extent that a single indulgence necessarily incited him to a repetition of it, and led him to spree, and these sprees were frequent, and rendered him incapable of controlling his appetite while they continued, then, although there were intervals in which he remained entirely sober, there was such a repetition of acts of drinking as amounted to a habit, and if this was a bad or vicious habit which tended to the shortening of life, the defendant would be entitled to a verdict.

On this instruction, the jury found for the Insurance Company.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26, 1873.

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A TRIUMPH IN ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER can safely claim a laurel for illustrated Journalism, in the splendid work which it has done—not only in the portraiture of the scenes and incidents connected with the Boston Fire and the Second Inauguration of President Grant (we do not care to go further back for evidences of merit and enterprise, as well we might, to justify this encomium), but in its achievement which has just illustrated the *Atlantic* wreck. We speak as we do, simply as a matter of record, and as marking the progress of illustrated journalism.

Instantly on the receipt, from our regular correspondent, of telegrams reporting the direful intelligence of the wreck of the lost steamer, we sent our artists to the spot, with instructions to proceed with the utmost speed and by the shortest route to the scene of the disaster. In forty-eight hours after leaving New York they were at the wreck. As fast as their sketches were made, they were forwarded to this office. Each succeeding mail brought us fresh batches of sketches from the scene of the disaster.

The result of this great expense and enterprise has been, that we have presented every scene with such fidelity of detail and general effect that our readers have really been witnesses of this most sad and exciting event. In Extras, and in our last regular edition, the public have seen, as on a passing panorama: The ship *Atlantic*, as she left Liverpool; The map of the coast of Nova Scotia, as furnished by Hon. Mr. Blunt; The scene (as sketched by witnesses) on the deck of the lost steamer; The captain and passengers clearing the lifeboats; The excited passengers rushing to get into them; The rescue of the passengers from the rocks by the fishermen; People clinging to the rigging for safety; The scene on

the docks at Halifax, where sailors were telling the cause of the disaster; Passengers landing from the sunken vessel by aid of a rope from the ship, fastened to the rocks; A sketch (from the recital of survivors) of how the passengers were washed overboard when the ship careened and sunk; The last man on the wreck; Chief Officer Firth clinging to the shrouds.

Then we have pictured the coast of Nova Scotia; Sambro Light, off Halifax; The scene on Marr's Island on the morning after the wreck of the *Atlantic*; The portrait of Captain Williams; The Reverend Mr. Ancient rescuing the chief officer, Firth; Passengers swinging themselves by ropes out of the rigging into the water; The fisherman Clancy and his daughter administering to the needs of the shipwrecked; The arrival of the *Delta* at Halifax from the scene of the wreck; Landing the survivors on the dock; The stevedores rushing up the gangway to the deck after the vessel struck (as described by survivors); The dead lady lashed to the rigging; The signal-board ashore signaling, "Cheer up; the boats are coming to your assistance."

In our present number, our artists are seen on the Press-boat passing Sambro Light on their way to the wreck; The scene at the wreck—fishermen in their boats looking for and recovering the dead; Wreckers looking through their wooden funnels for dead bodies; Wreckers recovering the cargo; The present condition of the wreck of the *Atlantic*; Divers working on the wreck; Searching bodies for marks of identification; Examining relics recovered from the bodies; General view of the scene of the wreck from the cliffs; Bringing the recovered bodies ashore. Also, a map showing the coast-line and the position of Sambro Light, indicating the course that Captain Williams should have taken, and his sad mistake.

If this be not transfixing life, journalistic life, with the pencil, we know not how it can be done. If this be not a proof of how far journalism is indebted to pictorial art, we shall despair of finding such evidence. Most of these scenes, so pictured, are real; others are pictorial reprints of authentic statements and descriptions, whereby our artists have caught and transcribed the reports of the telegraph. Those who possess these numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will, on careful examination, discover that they have a series of the most faithful and able artistic works—not charcoal sketches—in illustrated journalism.

No wonder that even our immense facilities have hardly been able to keep pace with the demand for this Journal. The appreciation of the public is quite as grateful to us as is that liberal patronage which has enabled us to achieve—and we shall maintain it at any cost—the front rank in Illustrated Journalism. Our long-established connections with the important points of the world give us equal facilities for news from our regular correspondents with those enjoyed by the Daily Press. In this way we are enabled—and shall continue—to illustrate all remarkable facts, in Extras as well as regular editions.

FRANK LESLIE'S story of the Wreck of the *Atlantic*, as we have no doubt, will be preserved for a century to come, as a work which enables all eyes to realize the dreadful details of the most lamentable tragedy of modern times.

MASSACRE

OF THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS BY THE MODOC INDIANS.

THE nation will be startled by the news of the bloody treachery of the Lava-bed, or Modoc Indians, who, on the 11th instant, murdered General E. R. S. Canby, and Rev. Dr. Thomas, a Peace Commissioner; and who dangerously, if not fatally, wounded another Peace Commissioner, during a Peace Talk into which the massacred men were decoyed by Captain Jack. The assassination was deliberately planned. It occurred in the lonely border country between California and Oregon, among the Lava-beds, near Tule Lake, while peace negotiations, represented by six Commissioners on each side, were supposed to be going on.

Thus—it is to be hoped—ends the Indian Farce Policy of the present Administration—a policy of sheer sentimentality, so pronounced to be from the start by all our experienced Indian Fighters and Pioneers. There is only one Indian Policy to be pursued. It is a dreadful one, we admit; and that is, to annihilate such wretches as the Modocs and Apaches, even as wild beasts are annihilated on the approach of Civilization. We have tried every mode to humanize and incorporate such Indians. It cannot be done. They refuse civilization. They stand in the way of Progress. They terrify and slaughter Pioneers. They must be got out of the way. What else remains, for us and for them, if not to annihilate such as prey upon our frontier settlers? Again, we ask what other remedy can be found?

Granted all the humanitarian argument, and yet that argument is found to be wholly on one side, that of the savages. Concede their "wrongs," and still the practical stubborn fact returns, that most of these savages insist on the issue of their nationality as cutthroat nomads; they will neither fuse nor blend with the

whites on any terms. Who, then, shall yield? The murdered General Canby was well known to us personally as a brave, kind, able man. At the time of his terrible death he was in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was a graduate of West Point; served in the Florida and Mexican war; was distinguished as a Union general during the rebellion; and acted as a military reconstruction Governor.

Indian matters have now come to a head. This infernal massacre is the more shocking when it is considered that poor General Canby overloaded these people with food and presents of all needful sorts, often out of his own pockets, while they were, at the same time, laying snares for his life; and that the Rev. Mr. Thomas was, in both senses, temporal and spiritual, a father to them. The Indian Policy of the President must change now, or the people will most emphatically change it for him.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, a *Journal of Civilization*, has resigned his position as a member of the Advisory Board of the Civil Service. His letter of resignation is short and sweet; and is all contained in the following, which speaks for itself:

"WEST NEW BRITTON, N. Y., March 18th, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR—As the circumstances under which several important appointments have recently been made seem to me to show an abandonment both of the spirit and the letter of the Civil Service regulations, I respectfully resign my position as a member of the Advisory Board of the Civil Service. In so doing, I beg to assure you of my warmest wishes, and of the continuance of my most earnest efforts for the success of your Administration. Very respectfully and truly yours, GEO. W. CURTIS."

"His Excellency the President."

This is a very genteel and tardy arraignment of the Administration, and especially of General Grant, it must be confessed! During all the late Presidential canvass our distinguished contemporary, in conjunction with his artists, took special pains to blind and stultify the country in regard to Civil Service Reform, in the interests of the very Administration from under which, in this vital respect, he now slips so cool-like and politely. The Civil Service burden is too great for the reputation of Mr. Curtis and the journal over which he presides! He sees the people moving in another direction! The masses find that they have been cheated and deceived by such goody and goody counselors as was Mr. Curtis—who could see nothing wrong in the devotion of the whole Civil Service, including even the Cabinet and leading Senators, in the work of re-nominating and replacing (not re-electing) General Grant in the Presidential chair by force. Mr. Curtis was blind as a mole and deaf as an adder to the disgraceful stump speeches and corrupt conduct of the "Civil Service" at that notable period, when, like an army with banners, its generals and their subordinates violently assaulted and crushed down the freedom of elections. This shameful bit of history can never be obliterated from our annals. If Mr. Curtis was right as a journalist in the Presidential canvass of 1872, clearly he is inconsistent as a citizen in this resignation—for the causes assigned—in 1873. If "the spirit and the letter of the Civil Service regulations," if all our American precedents, as also the Constitution itself, were not violated by the partisan use made, at the period referred to, by the Government, of its Federal Retainers, then, indeed, the imagination cannot conceive any mode in which such "spirit" and "regulations" can be violated. In the comparison, the pretext on which Mr. Curtis bases this resignation—the fact that a few bad "important appointments have recently been made"—looks hypocritical, if not hypocritical. Evidently, Mr. Curtis is anxious to hurry out of a bad scrape. Neither he nor his journal can gather laurels in such a field.

We rejoice over this conversion of our neighbor. Though late, it is none the less welcome. We are glad to find that he is not wholly given over to impotence and hardness of heart; and that he has had the piety to come into our fold—as Dr. Watts hymns it—

"While yet the lamp holds out to burn."

As Mr. Curtis is fond of—and good at—pictures, let us, in this connection, present him with that Shakespearean scene in the "Tempest," wherein the disenchanted *Caliban*, instead of the gods he had feared and worshiped, when under the magic spell, beholds that drunken brace, *Stephano* and *Trinculo*, nakedly revealed to his petrified human vision, in all their filth and deformity. Well may Mr. Curtis, looking with his converted and unsealed eyes on the hideous figure of the Civil Service which so deluded him, exclaim with *Caliban*:

"I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!"

To be sure, Mr. Curtis winds up with a puff of General Grant. But that's the Court fashion. If Casey and Packard were re-appointed, was not Murphy whitewashed and Colfax fairly eulogized by the President of the United States—and all because of their notorious Civil Service virtues?

We cannot quit this subject, in justice to Mr. Curtis, without giving him the benefit of the following. He was interviewed the other day

by a Reporter of the New York *Herald*, when the annexed remarkable conversation occurred:

"REPORTER—Did you not mean to say by your letter that the President had abandoned reform?"

MR. CURTIS—Oh, dear, no! My letter showed simply a difference of opinion between the President and myself. I did not say that the President had abandoned the reform, but I said that this seemed to me to be an abandonment of the regulations. It isn't at all my view that the President has made any pledges which he has violated. Why, that's perfectly absurd—absurd. Why, you know I haven't the slightest ill feeling against the President, and I hope there is none on his part. Oh, no; that's perfectly absurd."

In the above, Mr. Curtis has the word "absurd" over three times. Let us use it once more. We think that nothing—no, not even Colfax's little lies, are more exquisitely, laughably "absurd" than is the "explanation" of the grave and stately Mr. Curtis. Civil Service Reform consists wholly in the obedience of the President to the "regulations," as a matter of course. Now, Mr. Curtis declares the President "abandoned these regulations." We all know that the President pledged himself to enforce these regulations. Still, Mr. Curtis insists that "the President has violated no pledges," "the President has not abandoned Reform." This struggle between personal independence and party sycophancy is very sad. And yet it reminds one of the funny old riddle:

"I know he said, I know he did,
But then he didn't what he did,
I saw his face—his face was hid—
Which to explain I am forbid."

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

THE defeat of the Administration in Connecticut by a significant vote is the beginning of a revolution which can only end in a grand national triumph for the Opposition—unless the Democrats obstruct its progress. The Connecticut election is an Administration defeat. In no sense is it a Democratic victory. It is the work of the same people who were checked by the force and fraud of the Administration in the last national fight. It is, in other words, the triumph of the masses in a clear field, unumbered by the prejudices which weigh down the remains of the old Democratic Party; prejudices which are the chief stock-in-trade of the Radical Republicans. The victory in Connecticut is a judgment of the people against the waste, profligacy and corruption of the Government. In no sense is it a mere party success. If the Democrats appropriate the result, they will convert hope into despair, as far as the cause of Reform is concerned.

Many Republicans and many Democrats remained away from the polls in Connecticut. The latter, chilled by constant defeat, saw no hope of success in the contest; and the former were disgusted with the record of the Government. It is this combined force which is to-day the political power of the country.

On the other hand, the Democrats—as a party—are absolutely impotent. As an organization they will be shattered to pieces whenever they present what is left of their party machinery to the adversary. Yet, while this is true—while this is an historical fact—it remains to be said that, fused with the Liberal Republicans, the old Democrats have it in their power to achieve a complete national reform.

The truth must be bluntly spoken, whoever it may offend. Hand-in-hand the Opposition, in a fair field, are sure of success. Let us begin right, and we shall end right.

THE COMING RACES—HORSE TALK.

"I will not change my horse with any that treads on four pasterns. *Ch, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval vaillant*; the Pegasus, *qui a les nattes de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar; I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes. He is pure air and fire. His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch; and his countenance enforces homage."—*The Dauphin*, in "Henry V."

ABOVE we have the most eloquent, spirited and poetical description ever penned of that noble animal, the Horse, who is soon to play his star Spring engagement, opening on the Jerome and Prospect Park stages, so to go his brilliant Summer rounds. The man who knows and who loves the horse (like our friend Mr. Bergh) feels the magnetism of the Shakespearean description thrill his every vein. Indeed, next to woman, the horse most inspires spirited men. Painters and sculptors have made him the subject of their chisels and pencils; and poets, sacred and secular, have sung his praises from time immemorial. He brings traditions from Egypt, Asia, Greece and Rome; from the prairies of the West, the pampas of South America and the plains of Tartary; from Persia and Arabia, and Spain and Parthia. In the oldest Egyptian paintings he is seen in the war-chariot. He is mythological in the stories of the Centaurs and of Castor and Pollux. He is the poem of all ages; and especially of equestrian nations, like the Arabs, Tartars, Turks, Persians, Magyars, Cossacks, English and Circassians. And he is alike the pride and glory of both sexes—the fair sex, however (as a rule), never seeming to comprehend the fact that a horse can tire, or that he needs food!

The English have paid the most attention to the breeding of horses; and have, perhaps, surpassed all other nations in the one quality

of speed. The English racer, as we think, is unequalled for quickness and endurance, in which respect he exceeds the best horses of the original Oriental stock. The Race-horse is the product of the Arabian with the native English breed, which commenced with the importation of Barb and Turkish stallions, and crossed by the Arabian. To the blood of the latter may be traced the best racers of England. America has taken advantage of the finest breeds of the Old World, and can compare favorably with any country—in trotters especially.

Experts say that the best height for a race-horse is from 5 feet 2 to 5 feet 3 inches; 14 minutes is said to be first-rate time for a single mile. To be more practical, there are those who especially seem to admire this animal's dead carcass. Of his skin they make gloves; of his hair they make cloth; of his bones they make buttons; and also grind them into fertilizers; of his hoofs they make glue; of his intestines they manufacture certain membranous tissues. In France, he is roasted, boiled, broiled, stewed and baked, and smoked and corned.

It is a strange fact, proven by geologists, that the horse once on a time "went out." He was unknown to the natives of America at the time of its discovery by Europeans. And yet, the same savans find out (see Professor Leidy) that he was the contemporary of the mastodon on the American continent; and Hamilton Smith has it that he inhabited the Old World, as well as the New, before the advent of man. So he is archeological in the highest sense.

What all this has to do with the coming Spring Races at Jerome and Prospect Parks is evident enough; for, what is a race but epitomized "horse talk"? True, races collect all sorts, from the pauper to the prince, from the prelate to the felon—the modest and the shameless, who bet and steal and rob and flirt most recklessly. But the beginning and the end of all, is the horse! The loveliest woman, the most brilliant man, who bets on, or who harmlessly enjoys a race, is only, on such days, an humble member of a vast horse auditorium.

And what is the lesson taught by Horse-racing?

We favor racing as we do trotting, because it improves the breed of the most useful of all animals. The fast runner or trotter is indispensable to all that is graceful and strong in horse stock, because he represents the extreme point of blood, and all which nearest approaches him—in whatever class, whether of saddle, or carriage, or even draught horses—must be comparatively good. Great speed combines all other qualities. The great racer or trotter must have immense power and endurance, and these qualities are essential to grace and utility.

But such is not the only lesson that the horse teaches. There is a faster race than the monarchs of the turf ever made, faster even than that most remarkable of all races on record—that run by Tam o' Shanter on his immortal mare.

And such is the race of the horse lunatic who is victimized by jockeys, laughed at in courts as the dupe of horse fraud; who is connected—through the horse—with bad rum and worse women; who robs his employer, who defaults to the Government, who is torn by usurers, and made mad by duns—and all to support an empty show of horseflesh—and whose highest ambition is to emulate the flash slang and habits of professional turfmen. This is, indeed, the lightning race to ruin. And tens of thousands are running it this day.

SPRING.

MAY is fast approaching, and even business Gotham begins to feel the Spring inspiration. It bounds through all veins—especially those of the milliners and tailors, and notionsellers and dealers in fancy goods, and the vast army of merchants who are intent on the "Spring trade." Even old *Shylock*, as he breathes softer air, is not insensible to the genial time which is at hand. We have hailed the opening of the long-locked navigation with booming guns which roared a welcome to the river steamers. Birds, gay dresses, green and fragrant things of all sorts, cluster in lively imaginations; and the old Summer panorama of watering-places and farm-houses, of drives, fishing, shooting, and flirtations and ocean trips, is beginning to unfold again.

We are near the season of love-making; of Flora and all her beauties; of mazy groves and thick, overhanging foliage and embowered recesses, and the wooings of zephyrs and the rippling of streams. We are soon to see Nature decked in that variety of surpassing beauty, of endless delicate forms, which Art in vain strives to seize and exactly perpetuate, and which is the eternal inspiration of sentiment, passion and poetry. Brilliant, glossy and blossoming is the season which we hail, wherein God's handwriting is read afresh in every fair face and fair field, and fair flower and fair sky; when all the avenues to the senses are newly opened; when our thoughts are purer; when we listen to the talk of trees and leaves; when moss-roses open crimson lips. In short, even an editor may well be a little rhapsodical on the threshold of the period when the attuned beauties and harmonies of

Nature make their eloquent appeal and create a Sabbath of peace in good hearts.

It is dutiful to indulge in thoughts like these. They are so many antidotes against worldly solicitudes, the corrosions of care, and the tumults of passion.

"The world is too much with us: late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers; And the mute expression of sweet Nature's voices Is drowned amid the turmoil of life's noises. Where thoughts of fear and darkness come unbidden, And love and hope are into silence chidden."

THE LABOR QUESTION.

WHAT we predicted, three weeks ago, the Labor strikes, have begun; and in earnest. Violence has occurred. Bloody assaults have been made in the streets of New York upon workmen who have taken the place of the strikers. There have been illegal lockouts. Thuggery is running in the streets. Women have been assaulted. And the police seem to be either demoralized or overawed.

All these things we foreshadowed and deprecated long since, in articles which were widely copied throughout the West, and which we humbly trust may do some good to the great cause of Labor Reform. But our advice seems to have been unheeded by the organizations in this city. Again we beseech Laborers to be prudent, temperate and right in what they do; to accept no lawless lead; to rely on the pen, and not on the club; to rise above the spirit of massacre which seems to press on some of them to hunt down such emigrants as the Italians. Unwise and wicked acts cannot serve Labor. It must work out its ends by the help of that great unbiased public sentiment, which will surely stand by it, if it is only true to itself.

Our news column gives details of what is styled the "Resignation of Brigham Young." It is due to him and to his work to say that he has achieved some great things for our day. Under his administration the desert has been made to blossom like the rose. The polygamous religion he set up offends civilization, it is true. And Public Policy demands that it shall cease. But the record of Brigham Young is not to be despised, nor wholly condemned.

EDITORIAL MENTION.

WASHINGTON.—The Printing Bureau of the Treasury Department has begun to engrave the plates for the new issue of national bank-notes authorized by the last Congress. It is the intention to improve both design and execution in the new notes, so that the latter be more attractive than the old, and at the same time so perfect that they cannot be successfully counterfeited. It is also the intention to replace the notes now in circulation by new ones as fast as presented for redemption. * * * * * There is quite a sharp contest going on over the appointment of Minister to Japan. It is well understood that the present Minister, De Long, has been requested to resign. The appointment is claimed by the Pacific Coast, but there appears to be some difference as to the man. Ex-Senator Nye, who had De Long made Minister, is a candidate, but he is opposed by ex-Senator Cole, who wants the place. It is said that Cole has the confidence of the President, and will get the appointment. What is known as the Pacific Coast Ring, is against Cole and is strong for Nye. Private advices inform us that Mr. Nye will be appointed. * * * * * Notwithstanding the frequent statements to the contrary, there seems to be a prevalent misunderstanding throughout the country relative to the legislation enacted by the last Congress with regard to the rates of postage, especially upon newspapers. A Bill reducing the postage on letters to two cents did pass the House, but it failed in the Senate. The only legislation on the postal question at all which received the joint action of both Houses was the absolute repeal of the Franking Privilege, and a provision in the Postal Appropriation Bill, which says that after July 1st nothing shall pass free through the mails, consequently such matter as has heretofore been going free will be hereafter required to pay. * * * * *

There was a general feeling of dissatisfaction when Congress adjourned without having shed any light on the alleged corruption attending the passage of the Pacific Mail subsidy. The rumor was on every tongue at the time that the Pacific Company had paid out \$500,000 to the lobby and to members of Congress to allow the subsidy. It is very certain that the matter will not be permitted to drop, and that next Winter the investigation will be continued. A promise is made of developments which will throw the Credit Mobilier scandal quite in the shade. * * * * * The Treasury Department has commenced paying the cotton claims filed under the Act of May 18th, 1872. Over 1,200 claims have been presented, covering \$6,000,000. More than one-half of them will be rejected on account of insufficient proof. Fifteen millions of the cotton fund remain in the Treasury. The claims being paid are for cotton seized by Government agents after June 30th, 1865. * * * * * In order to correct the general misapprehension in reference to the relative strength of the National and State banks in New York city during the week ending Saturday, April 5th, the Comptroller of the Currency has caused a careful analysis to be made of the returns of the National and State banks for that week, as made to the clearing-house, from which it appears that the fifty National banks in this city held an average reserve of 23 83-100 per cent. of their liabilities on hand, and that the State banks held at the same time an average of 21 8-100 per cent. * * * * * The Revenue Marine Department has taken the necessary steps to put the revenue vessels on the lakes in readiness for the usual Summer cruising.

BRIGHAM YOUNG has resigned his office as Trustee of the Mormon Church, saying to the throng assembled in the Tabernacle at Salt Lake City that he was going to Arizona, beyond the reach of mails and telegrams. He had previously ceased to be President of the Deseret National Bank, the Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution, and the Utah Central and Southern Railroad; and in retiring from the control of the Church he completely severs all his public relations. It is also stated that he has made a will dividing his property, which is popularly estimated at eight or ten millions, among his sixteen wives and sixty children. This remarkable man was born at Whittingham, Vt., on January 1st, 1801, and is now nearly seventy-two years old. He was converted to Mormonism in 1832, two years after the first organization of the Church, and became one of the twelve apostles in 1835, in which capacity he was exceedingly successful in making converts, especially in the Eastern States. After the death of Joseph Smith, in

1844, he was chosen first President of the Church, and led the emigration to the Great Salt Lake in 1847. There he has since presided over the development of Mormonism, ruling his followers with a despotism to which the majority have always been submissive, and building up a simple, ignorant, but energetic and industrious people, into a community of extraordinary prosperity. As long as Utah, by its geographical position, was isolated from the rest of the country his power remained substantially undiminished; but since the opening of the Pacific Railroad and the great silver discoveries have brought upon the Mormons an immense inroad of Gentiles, with a flood of hostile ideas and customs, his control has become shaken, and in his old age he abandons a conflict which he can no longer wage with a hope of success. Were he a young man, he would doubtless adhere to the idea of emigrating to some island of the Pacific, such as Papau, which tempted him so greatly fifteen or eighteen years ago. Then his plan was to sell out the Mormon possessions in Utah, and to move his whole people to that vast, uncivilized, and almost uninhabited region in the Pacific, where they might, for an indefinite period, defy the antagonism of the world. But he is old and broken, and will, doubtless, be contented if he is able to spend the rest of his days undisturbed alike by schisms in the Mormon Church and by process from the courts of the United States. Mr. Young, in a telegram to the New York Herald, sums up a long statement of the material affairs of the Territory, and adds: "It has been frequently published that I had a deposit of several millions of pounds sterling in the Bank of England. Were such the case I would most assuredly use the means to gather our poor Church members from the old countries and bring them here, where their condition might be improved. All my means are invested here, in improving this Territory in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The result of my labors for the last twenty-six years, briefly summed up, are: The peopling of this Territory by the Latter-Day Saints of about one hundred thousand souls; the founding of over two hundred cities, towns, and villages inhabited by our people, which extend to Idaho in the north, Wyoming in the east, Nevada in the west, and Arizona in the south, and the establishment of schools, factories, mills, and other institutions calculated to benefit and improve our community."

The city of San Salvador, capital of the Central American republic of that name, has been destroyed by an earthquake, causing a terrible loss of life. Eight hundred persons perished, and property valued at \$12,000,000 was destroyed. The earthquake was followed by a conflagration, and many buildings were burned. The city of San Salvador is the capital of the republic of the same name, and is situated near the south base of the volcano of San Salvador. It was founded by Jorge de Alvarado in 1528, at a place about six leagues north of its present site, called Las Hermandades, and was removed to the spot it now occupies in 1539. Under the Crown it was the capital of the province, and afterward of the Republic of Central America until its dissolution in 1839. In 1853 it contained about 30,000 inhabitants, a large and beautiful cathedral, eight other churches, a university, a female seminary, several hospitals, and two considerable aqueducts for supplying the city with water. Its trade was large and increasing. On the night of April 16th, 1854, it was almost completely destroyed by an earthquake, and about one hundred lives were lost. A new city was laid out by the Government ten miles nearer the sea, and called Nuevo San Salvador; but so large a portion of the inhabitants preferred to rebuild their ruined houses, that in January, 1855, the Legislature reinstated the old city as the seat of Government.

The early arrival of the Spring floods will be noticed with general concern, especially in the broad valley of the Lower Mississippi. For the past week the rainfall has been heavy through Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. At Fort Wayne the reports by telegraph mention a rain amounting in forty-eight hours to three and three-fourth inches. According to the law of weather chances and probabilities recently deduced by M. Kappen, the Russian meteorologist, the weather has a decided tendency to preserve its character, and we may stand cautioned to expect heavy rains and progressive floods from this time till the middle of June. The section most imminently threatened is the Mississippi Valley, south of Cairo, and if the Ohio, the Missouri, the Illinois and the Red rivers combine to swell the volume of the Father of Waters at this juncture, the danger of overwhelming the levees and destroying the cotton crop will be very great. It will be remembered that the memorable flood of the great river in 1858 began just as this has done, early in April, and, gradually increasing, reached its disastrous culmination in the middle of June, inundating the city of Cairo, and sweeping like a great tidal wave over the whole country to the southward.

The result of the Connecticut election is a surprise to everybody. Ingersoll, Democrat, is chosen Governor by about 4,000 majority over Haven, Republican. The Legislature is Democratic by from twelve to eighteen majority. Three Republicans and one Democrat, the same as they now stand, are elected to Congress. A Temperance candidate for Governor got about 2,000 votes. Since the Republican Party was organized the Opposition in Connecticut have never before gained so much success. In November, 1864, Lincoln for President got 2,406 majority. In April, 1868, Buckingham, Republican candidate for Governor, obtained a majority of 11,035. In April, 1867, English, Democrat, beat Hawley for Governor by 987. One year later, Jewell, Republican, beat English by a small majority. In 1869 Grant carried the State by 3,043. In April, 1872, Jewell got a majority over English of 2,001. Last November Grant got 4,758 majority over Greeley. These are a fair specimen of the returns for the past eight years. But now Ingersoll overwhelms his Republican competitor by the unprecedented majority of 4,000.

The gold fields of Australia still continue to yield large returns, and though the miners were fewer in number and the total product was less during the year 1872 than in any previous year since the first discovery of the metal in that region, the labor of those engaged in gold-hunting was better rewarded than ever before. According to an estimate made in the Melbourne Argus, the largest yield of gold in Victoria during the past seven years was in 1866, when the product amounted to 1,536,581 ounces, and the smallest in 1870, amounting to 1,281,841 ounces. Last year the estimated yield was 1,317,102 ounces; but to produce this amount the labor of 54,651 men was required, against 73,479 miners, the average number employed in 1866, when the product was 219,479 ounces greater. The Argus estimates the average value of the individual miner's earnings at thirty-one shillings per week in 1866, and at thirty-seven shillings per week in 1872. Large investments are now making in prospecting and opening up new reefs, and it is expected that the present year will prove an unusually profitable one for the mining industry of Victoria.

RAPID transit schemes are rapidly coming to a head in this city. The signing of the Beach Pneumatic Railway Bill by the Governor gives us another plan for traversing the island with rapidity, and at small cost, provided it is carried out. The Bill, which

was passed by the Legislature a year ago, and vetoed by Governor Hoffman, provides for an underground railroad from the Battery to Harlem River by the line of Broadway and Tenth Avenue, with branches connecting with the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads. The fare for the whole length of the road was originally fixed at ten cents; but Governor Dix told the incorporators that he felt that these rates should not, as contemplated in the Bill, be charged during the hours of morning and evening, when laboring men most needed the use of such a means of transit. This secured the reduction of the fare to eight cents maximum, at which reasonable rate we hope yet to see this underground line in operation.

It is now proposed in Boston to supply stores and other establishments with steam, in the same manner as water and gas are furnished, and, by way of experiment, an advocate of the idea requests one hundred buildings to unite for this purpose. One hundred engineers, at \$1,000 a year each, would be \$100,000. By combination and allowing the ample sum of \$6,000 for the hire of three first-class engineers, the saving per annum would be \$94,000. The proportionate reduction in cost of fuel, the infinitely better disposition of what is an inconvenience in any store or warehouse, and the gain in rates of insurance, make the advantages of the scheme so obvious, that the only wonder is that it was not adopted years ago.

The defense that currents shall be made responsible for the loss of the *Atlantic* is unsound. The captain had no business to be in bed when he was heading for shore. The first thing to be done in running head-on to the coast of Nova Scotia, in the night time, under full steam, and with a distance of only 148 miles to run by dead reckoning, would have been to know whether there might not be currents and things on the coast where even a child's geography tells of the tidal waves of the Bay of Fundy.

AFTER its victory in the New Jersey Legislature, the National Railroad Company is preparing to give travelers a new air line between New York and Philadelphia. The surveyed route between the two cities is eighty miles; the Pennsylvania road is a little over ninety miles. The construction is to be begun at once. It is proposed to run the eighty miles in two hours—that is, at the rate of forty miles an hour. The road, in order that this rate of speed can be attained, must be built and equipped in the best possible manner, and such is the intention of the management.

The rapid growth of the iron product in the Northwest is evident from the fact that there were standing the other day, in front of the Baldwin locomotive works in Philadelphia, a dozen large locomotives, marked "Dom Pedro Railroad, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, S. A." The same house exports locomotives to Russia and the West Indies.

By the New York Charter, as it has passed the Senate, all the Heads of Departments, including Comptroller Green, are retained. The Bill now goes to the Assembly for concurrence; but it is scarcely to be hoped that that body will retain such a guardian of the Treasury as Mr. Green.

The Court of Common Pleas has decided that the lease of premises let for lottery purposes is invalid.

FOREIGN.—The exhibition at Vienna will be divided into groups, according to the character of their contributions. Each group will have a president and two vice-presidents. Mr. Sanborn advises Minister Jay that the presidencies of the groups of Education and of the Trade and Commerce of the World, and vice-presidencies of the groups of Civil Engineering and Public Works and Architecture and Farm-houses, have been assigned to the United States. In the department of Art a fine display is promised. England sends paintings valued in the aggregate at \$2,000,000; France will contribute 500 paintings, and Italy 300 statues. The carpenters are at work on the American building. Many buildings devoted to other nationalities are already completed. Elaborate show-cases have arrived from all parts of Europe. In this respect the Americans also fall behind the others.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

The Hampton Colored Students have been singing again at Steinway Hall.

At Terrace Garden the Ninth Regiment Concerts have been discontinued.

The next concert of the Church Music Association will take place on the 8th of May.

RECENTLY the Philharmonic gave a most excellent public rehearsal at the Academy of Music.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS'S Orpheon Springtide Festival is to be given at the Academy of Music, April 28th.

MR. DE VIVO has failed to secure the Tamboerik Opera Troupe for a Spring season at the Academy of Music.

THE Rubinstein-Wieniawski-Thomas grand combination will give their last *matinee* at Steinway Hall on the 19th instant.

THE New York Maennerchor gave a grand vocal and instrumental concert at Terrace Garden Theatre on Easter Sunday evening.

RECENTLY the new Conservatory of Music was inaugurated at Athens in the presence of the Court, Diplomatic Corps, Ministry, etc.

THE London *Figaro* says Mme. Lucca's *Mignon* has been her most successful impersonation in America. *Figaro* is slightly mistaken.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG appeared recently in a concert at Steinway Hall to great advantage, her pianoforte performance being, as usual, excellent.

A SEASON of ten weeks of Italian opera is promised us in the Autumn, commencing on the 29th of September, with Mme. Nilsson as the principal *prima-donna*.

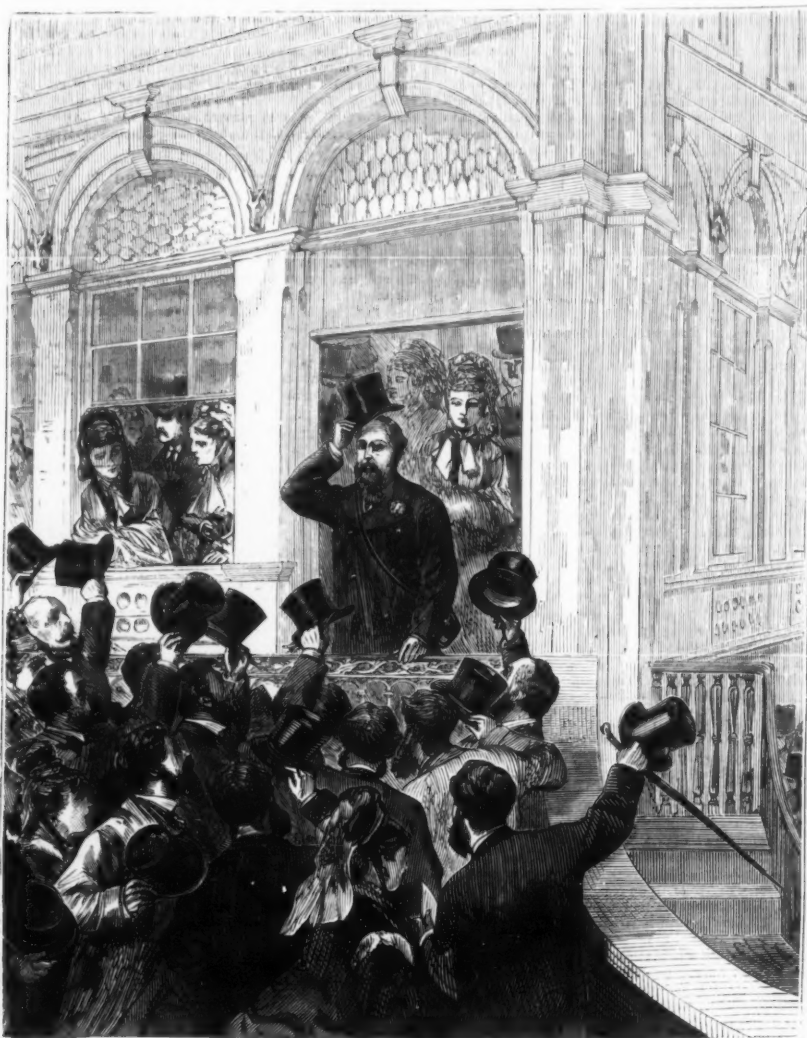
THE promised week of oratorio by the combined forces of Mr. Theodore Thomas and the Boston Handel and Haydn Society commences at Steinway Hall on the 22d instant. Miss Cary will be among the soloists.

MR. FECHTER appears to have abandoned his theatre. It is suggested that it be turned into an opera house. If we shall have two opera companies here next season, the suggestion might be adopted with benefit.

A CHANGE has been made in the bills at some of the principal theatres since our last announcement. "Divorce" has been produced at the new Fifth Avenue, the "Belles of the Kitchen" at Niblo's, by the Vokes Family, who have returned from Europe, and "Frou-Frou" at the Union Square.

MR. CASTLE, the vocalist (observes an English contemporary), comes to us from America, where he was a well-known member of a troupe of Christy Minstrels. He sings with effect, his style is good, and his execution excellent; but his voice shows traces of wear, and further improvement in this direction is extremely doubtful.

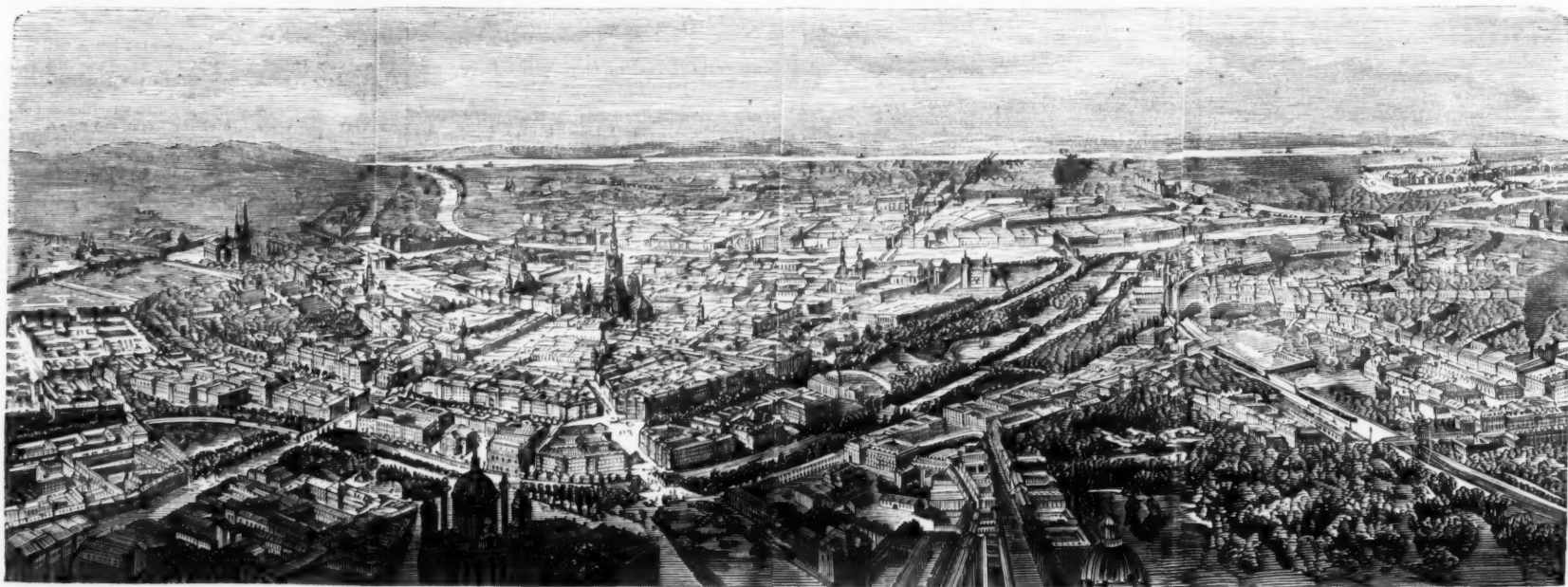
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 107.



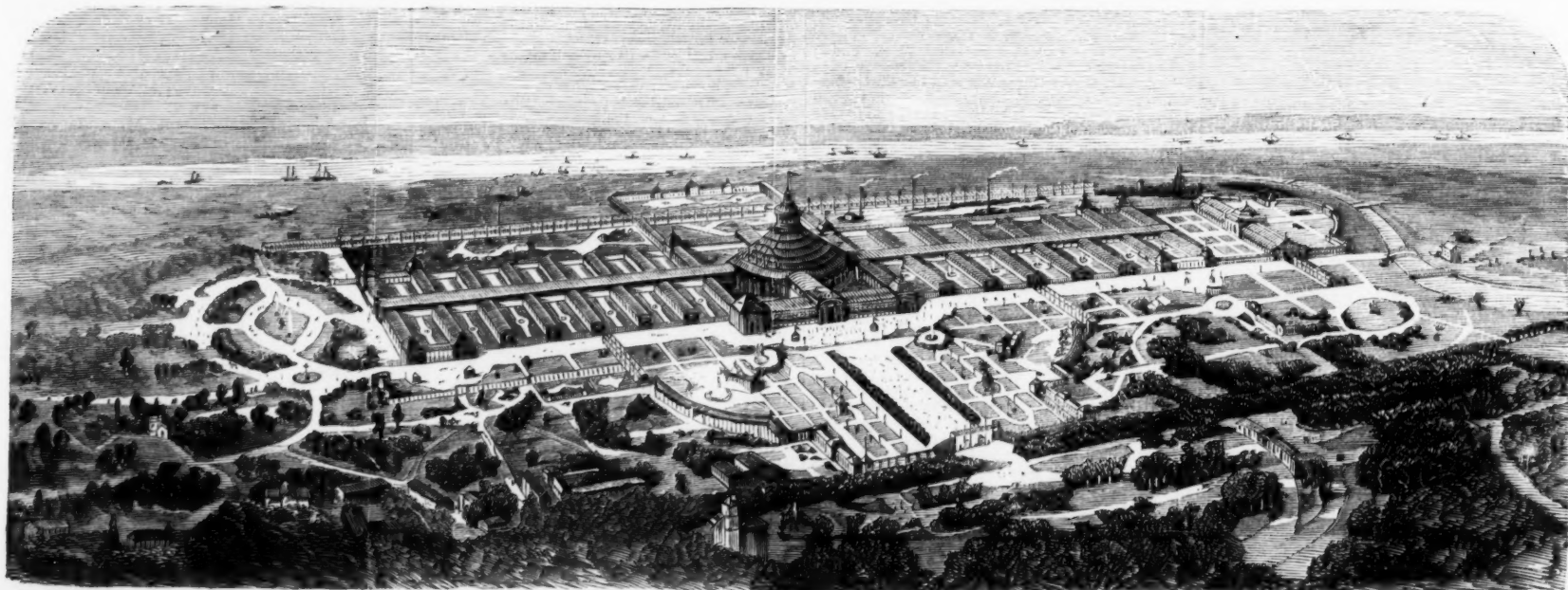
ENGLAND.—GRAND NATIONAL HUNT AND BRISTOL RACES—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE GRAND STAND.



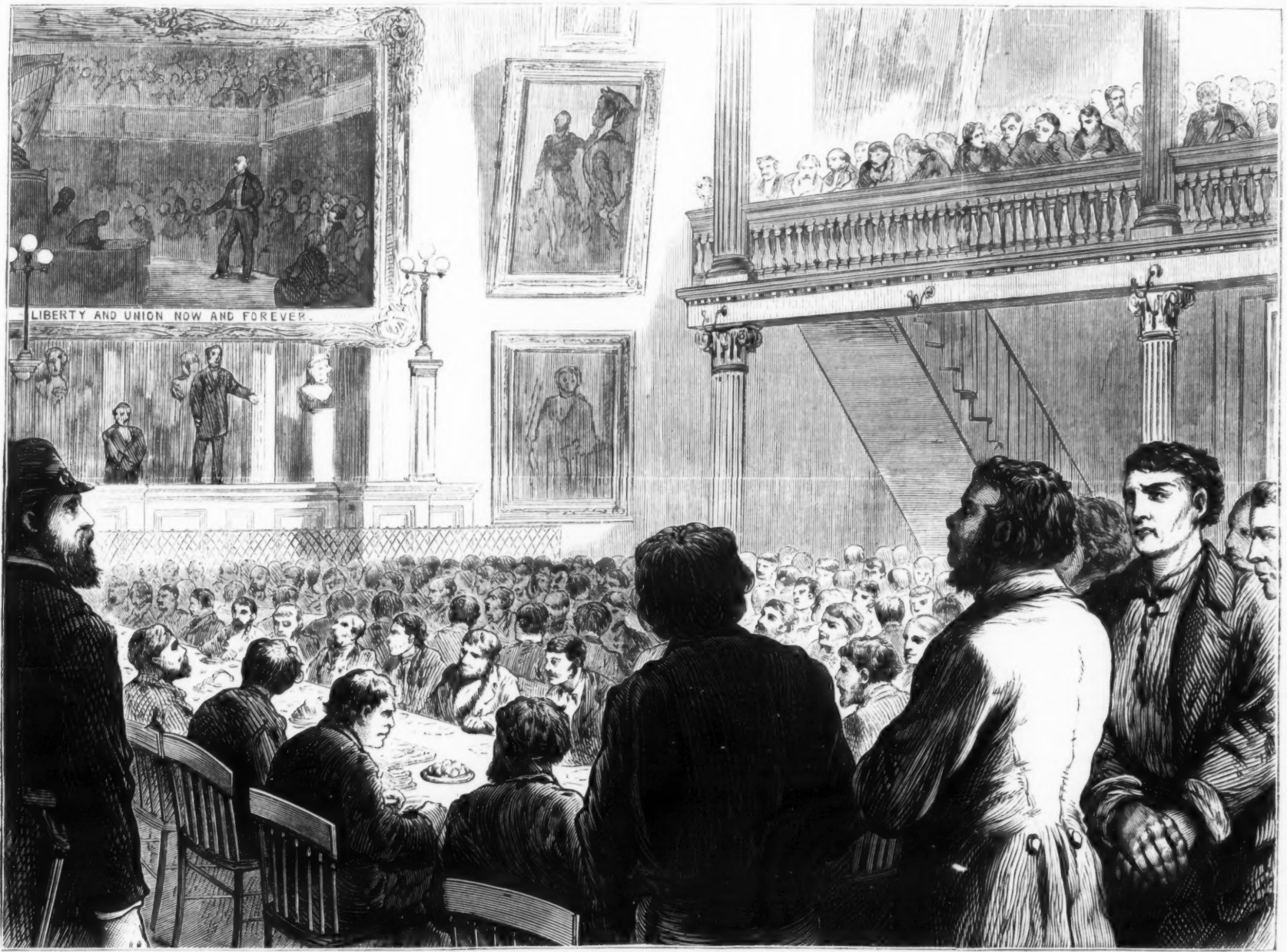
SPAIN.—THE REPUBLIC—PROCESSION OF STUDENTS PASSING BEFORE THE CONGRESS IN MADRID.



AUSTRIA.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF VIENNA.



AUSTRIA.—VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION BUILDING AND ITS LOCATION.



MASSACHUSETTS.—SURVIVORS OF THE LOST "ATLANTIC" BEING FEASTED BY THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.—HON. A. H. RICE ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE.—SKETCHED BY J. N. HYDE.

THE LATE ALDERMAN PETER GILSEY.

ONE of our most highly-esteemed citizens—Alderman Peter Gilsey—died at his residence, No. 33 West Twenty-eighth Street, at a quarter before five o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 23, in the sixty-first year of his age.

The deceased had been ailing for a long time, in fact, since the Louisville Convention, during his attendance on which, his friends believe, he was seized by a fatal malady. He suffered terribly for days prior to his demise, and on the Friday before that event an operation was performed to alleviate his agony, if possible. The relief was only temporary; the following day he grew worse, and succumbed finally to his disorder on Tuesday morning.

Peter Gilsey was a Dane, having been born in Jutland on May 22d, 1811. At an early age he was apprenticed to the pianoforte trade, at which he labored until his departure from Denmark. Coming to the United States when he was twenty-six years old, in the year 1837, he soon became a tobacco dealer in the Bowery. Subsequently he married Miss Cook, of Philadelphia, by whom he had a large family.

Mr. Gilsey was a shrewd business man, who labored industriously at his new vocation, and laid the foundation of the large fortune he possessed at the time of his death. He invested his surplus earnings in real estate, in improving localities, and being eminently successful in the tobacco trade, established a wholesale and retail cigar and tobacco business at No. 171 Broadway, where he erected a magnificent structure called the "Gilsey Building."

Later in life Mr. Gilsey extended his operations, and from his efforts and enterprise grew the Waverly, Apollo Hall, the Coleman House, the St. George, the Gilsey House, and other magnificent structures along Broadway.

Politically, Mr. Gilsey was known as an "Apollo Hall Democrat," and identified himself with the movement which resulted in the nomination of Charles O'Connor for President. He was also a member of several civic Reform Organizations, and was elected Alderman on that ticket in 1871. Last year he secured his re-election.

The deceased leaves a widow and seven children—five sons and two daughters—and two brothers, one in Denmark, the other in this city. The New York Board of Aldermen, Assistant Aldermen and Supervisors have passed suitable resolutions of sympathy and respect. The funeral—from deceased's late residence, Nos. 33 and 35 West Twenty-eighth Street, on Thursday morning, at 11 o'clock—was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE "ATLANTIC."

IN our last issue we published a series of illustrations showing incidents that occurred during and immediately after the wreck of the mighty vessel. This paper contains the "latest scenes and incidents at the wreck," as sketched by our special artist; but before describing them it would be well to mention the principal events transpiring at Marr's Island and vicinity since our last.

The investigation began at Halifax, as before stated, on Saturday, the 5th instant, and has continued ever

since. Simultaneously the work of recovering the dead, cargo and valuables has been carried on by the fishermen and divers off Marr's Island. Each day bodies have been raised to the surface by means of the grappling-irons, until, by the latest information, it appears that two hundred and fifty have been interred ashore. Most of these were put in coffins provided for them by the officials of Halifax, and the bodies not recognized or taken

away by friends repose in Nova Scotian burying-grounds.

Among those identified were several of the cabin passengers. They were forwarded to New York and other destinations. The remains of Mr. W. H. and Miss Mary R. Merritt were sent to New York; the body of Mr. Hewitt, of the firm of Best & Co., was also forwarded to New York by Mr. Marckwald, and was buried on Saturday morning

last, from Dr. Hall's Presbyterian Church, Nineteenth Street and Fifth Avenue.

There have been many romantic incidents attending this calamity which have come to light during the search for the bodies. One, was the discovery of a girl in sailor's garb, whose life was sacrificed in efforts to save others. She was about twenty or twenty-five years old, had served as a common sailor for three voyages, and her sex was never known until the body was washed ashore and prepared for burial. She is described as having been a great favorite with all her shipmates, and one of the crew, speaking of her, remarked: "I didn't know Bill was a woman. He used to take his grog as regular as any of us, and was always begging or stealing tobacco. He was a good fellow, though, and I am sorry he was a woman." It is said that the poor thing was an American, and, among the crew, perhaps the only one of that nationality. Who she was and whence she came nobody knew.

When the bodies were first brought ashore, their examination and identification were very loosely conducted. Frequently, sums of money would be taken from the pockets, belts or pouches of the dead, and before the record was half completed the magistrate in charge would be examining the next corpse. Several New York gentlemen, who were looking for deceased friends, protested against this mode of procedure. Two wretched creatures, who were drinking and quarreling on the rocks, fell into the sea.

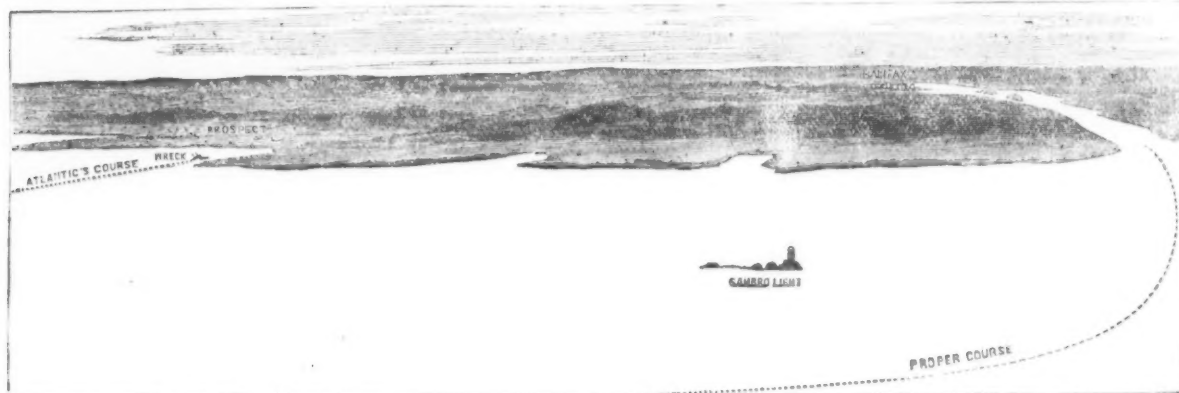
The divers went out to the wreck in boats, and, going overboard, descended to her. They report the water very clear, and every object plainly visible around the ship. The following is a description of the interior of the hull as seen by a visitor incased in a diving-suit:

"The air from above, which is furnished through the rubber tube, comes with a hissing sound, producing a strange feeling. I shudder at the thought of being immersed so deeply, and how slight an accident would insure instant destruction. All around the objects looked weird-like, the glasses in the casque magnifying the already bloated forms into twice their size. The waters are very cold, and a chilly feeling creeps over me at first, but as I proceed it wears away, and I enter upon the task I have undertaken with more nerve than I fancied I possessed. The immense hull lies well down on the port side, which is broken in several places from contact with the reef. Fish were swimming around, eagerly devouring the particles of food which are to be picked up. Picking my way toward the hull, I catch hold of a rope and scramble up the deck. The place where I have descended is where the ship parted, and a sectional view of the hull and cargo is obtained. The forward hatch is open, and I peer down the hold.

"Oh, what a spectacle is presented? The cargo has broken bulk and lies heaped up in a confused mass; bodies of men and women, bruised and torn, are jammed among the cases and crates. It is a horrible sight to look upon, and the magnifying power of the orbs through which I gaze upon it renders it all the more horrible. Fishes swim in and out among the corpses and boxes, feasting on the dead. Limbs are strewn around, having been broken off from the bodies by the continual action of the waters, which, when agitated, drive against the ugly pieces of the broken hull that stick up here and render my movements very hazardous. Having seen enough of this part of the sunken horror, I proceed toward one of the steerage cabins, in which all the women and children were drowned as they lay in their bunks.



THE LATE HON. PETER GILSEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BOGARDUS, NO. 1153 BROADWAY.



COAST OUTLINE FROM PROSPECT TO HALIFAX, SHOWING VESSEL'S COURSE.

"Scrambling along the deck, guided by the rope from above, and assisted by one of the divers who has undertaken to conduct me through the wreck, I reach the companionway. If the sight in the hold among the cargo was horrible, the one that now met my gaze was ten times more so. There, lying in an immense heap, were a hundred or more bodies. They looked for all the world as if they were alive, with arms dislocated, eyes staring wildly, faces grinning as it were at you, and moving backward and forward with the undercurrent; some were dressed, many were half nude. Children were clinging to their mothers, and stout men were clasping their wives, seeming as if they met their fate with calm resignation. No description of the bodies brought to the surface could convey an idea of the horrid sight in that cabin. I close my eyes and motion to my conductor my readiness to leave. I have seen enough in that charnel house, the recollection of which will never fade. My conductor motions me toward the steerage cabin, where the men were by themselves and where there was such a rush for the companionway. Peering down into that cabin, I saw a similar picture of death. Bodies of stalwart men, old and young, were hustled together on the stairway, giving—from their distended nostrils, gaping mouths and staring, glassy eyes—some conception of the terror which seized them as they vainly struggled to reach the deck, but were prevented by the waves which swept over the ship as she heeled over, and filled the cabin. From another part of the vessel I obtained a view of the sleeping apartment.

"Here, piled up in heaps on the port side, were numbers of bodies of men, and strewn among them bedclothing of one kind and another. From continual knocking against the stanchions and sharp, jagged woodwork which is splintered and broken from the linings of the bunks, the faces and limbs of these dead are more ghastly than any I have ever seen. Imagination cannot picture anything more terrible than what was in this compartment. The flesh is torn from the faces of many of the dead; others, again, are bruised and battered about their heads and faces, which are red and bloody, and in striking contrast to the pale, livid features of others which the action of the waters has not disturbed. While I stand here, another of the divers descends and commences to send up some of the bodies. He, however, is more intent upon securing the cargo than sending up the bodies, and only does so now to gain access to some boxes and trunks which are lying beneath them. Having seen enough of the horrors beneath the water on that fatal reef—horrors of the deep which will never be erased from my vision—I decided to ascend, and motioned accordingly to the men who were above in the boat, and pumping down to me the necessary supply of air to sustain life; in a few minutes I was once more at the surface, gazing upon the light of heaven and experiencing a sensation of relief at having left the chambers of death in the cabins of the ill-fated *Atlantic*."

PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

A considerable quantity of the cargo has been recovered, and floated to the wrecking schooner's station near the spot, to receive what may be saved. Divers went down to the vessel, and met with varied success; but storms and bad weather deterred the progress of their operations, and threatened to break up the wreck. However, she resisted the heavy sea-lashing, and up to the last advices had not gone to pieces.

Our illustrations show various incidents and phases of the operations conducted off Marr's Island. As they are enumerated elsewhere, repetition of the captions would be superfluous. We will merely call the reader's attention to the sad events they so powerfully depict. For instance, the engraving in which fishermen are seen grappling for dead bodies affords a view of a successful attempt to bring a drowned person to the surface of the water. In this region the sea is so singularly clear that objects can be discerned at great depth—an advantage enabling the men in boats, while looking through a wooden funnel, to be somewhat successful in directing the grapple. Another picture, on the front page, shows our artists going to the wreck on board the Press-boat; the engraving on page 113 gives a general view of the scene of the disaster sketched from a neighboring height, and the map of the coast outline indicates the right course for vessels bound for Halifax, as well as the wrong one taken by the *Atlantic*.

The pictures of recovered relics and their identification waken sad recollections of the terrible calamity. Visitors in quest of lost friends are referred to these relics when unable to recognize dear ones in the swollen, disfigured corpses before them. The body, and the relics taken from it, were marked and recorded, and by this means many people found those they came after.

MONEY AND VALUABLES FOUND ON BODIES OF VICTIMS.

The following is a list of money and valuables found on the bodies, and held by Mr Edmund Ryan, a magistrate:

- Lot No. 1. Frances Machaward, stewardess, 5 sovereigns and \$2.05 in silver.
- No. 2. Mrs. Davidson, 82½ sovereigns, United States paper \$181, letter of credit from the London and County Bank Company on Falkner, Bell & Co., San Francisco, in favor of Mrs. Lawton Davidson, and £150.
- No. 3. Christopher Moore, 5 sovereigns, \$226 United States paper, draft drawn by the Hibernia Bank at Liverpool on Messrs. Harnett, Hares, Hambrey & Lloyd, London, for £100; silver watch and chain.
- No. 4. John Croke, 25½ sovereigns, 37 cents, silver, deposit-receipt of National Bank at Kilkenny, dated 17th of March, 1873, for £150.
- No. 5. Unknown, a silver watch.
- No. 6. Unknown, £5 Bank of England note.
- No. 7. Unknown, 15 gold twenty-franc pieces and a silver watch.

- No. 8. Unknown, \$81 United States paper, and a lot of keys.
- No. 9. Unknown, 15 sovereigns.
- No. 10. Unknown, a \$20 gold piece and 5 sovereigns.
- No. 11. Unknown, \$12.50 in gold, a silver watch and a pin.
- No. 12. Unknown, 5 sovereigns.
- No. 13. Unknown (woman), 50 cents.
- No. 14. Unknown (man), 4½ sovereigns.
- No. 15. Unknown (woman), 50 sovereigns.
- No. 16. Unknown (man), a \$20 gold piece.
- No. 17. Mr. Hosford, \$25 in gold and \$3 in silver.
- No. 18. Unknown (man), \$50 in gold and \$2 in silver.
- No. 19. Unknown (man), \$140 in gold and \$120 in silver.
- No. 20. Unknown (man), 5 sovereigns and 50 cents silver.
- No. 21. Unknown (woman), 1 sovereign.
- No. 22. Mrs. Ann Smith, of 513 West Street, 5½ sovereigns.
- No. 23. Unknown (man), \$47.75 in United States currency, a silver watch-chain and a gold locket.
- No. 24. William Williams, 1 pistol, 9 sovereigns, 1 chain, \$2.25 in silver, and one lot of German manuscript, including a draft for 10 Prussian thalers.
- No. 25. Robert H. Eccles, 21 sovereigns.
- No. 26. An unknown woman, 7 sovereigns, 1 plain ring, 1 bunch of keys, and 1 silver chain.

The following articles were picked up: Three silver watches, with common chains; six plain gold rings; one emigrant passenger's ticket for two, dated at London, and good from New York to Chicago via the New York Central and Great Western and Michigan Central Railroads; one emigrant passenger's ticket from Chicago to Nebraska, with checks attached; a bill of exchange drawn by William M. H. Hayward, dated March 4th, 1873, on George Harris, Land Commissioner, Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company, Lincoln, Neb., payable to the order of George Fletcher, for £100; a marriage certificate of Joseph Booth Hayward and Hannah Hooley, of Lower Broughton, Lancashire, dated February 26th, 1873.

All the above articles were delivered to the Collector of Customs by Mr. Ryan.

The following articles were saved, and delivered by N. P. Christian:

- Lot 1. Two rings, supposed to belong to Albert Sumner, one being a signet marked "S," and the other a plain one marked "From Allan to Albert."
- Lot 2. Taken from a vest, five twenty-franc gold pieces, two ten-franc pieces, one five-franc piece and one silver watch.
- Lot 3. Two post-office orders, Nos. 462 and 463, for \$40 each, drawn in Rockland, Me., and payable to Amanda Richards, Surrey, England; a receipt by J. W. Lawrence, Boston, for \$46.40, from John Richards, dated September 21st, 1872, for a draft on the Metropolitan Bank for £3 sterling.
- Lot 4. A silver watch, marked on the paper inside, "Mr. Hawkins," and showing that it had been cleaned and repaired at Bridgetown, Totness, England.

Besides these, there are various articles in the hands of Mr. Longard, another magistrate, who has refused to give them up to the Collector.

The brig *D. W. Hennessey* has been chartered to take to New York the goods already recovered from the wreck.

THE SURVIVORS AT FANEUIL HALL.

Our readers already know, by previous announcement in this journal, that the survivors sent on the steamer *Falmouth* to Portland were taken thence by rail to Boston. At Faneuil Hall, in that city, the mayor and other prominent officials were present to receive the shipwrecked men, and hospitably entertained them. Several large tables were spread for breakfast, of which the unfortunate guests partook heartily. After refreshment they passed their time in the hall, talking, letter-writing, and describing their misfortunes to such gentlemen as were permitted to enter.

The picture represents the Hon. Mr. Rice addressing the survivors, and congratulating them on their safety. In the evening the men marched down to the Old Colony Depot, and took passage for New York, where they arrived on Sunday morning, the 6th instant. The Emigration Commissioners cared for them in this city.

A PAIR OF FOX-HEAD SLIPPERS.

BY CHAS. CHAMBERLAIN, JR.

CHAPTER I.

A DULL, dreary, drizzly day at the seaside. One of those peculiarly damp days which seem like the flaws and defects in a marine picture, when adapted to the coloring of a watering-place, toward the close of a season. The hotel was about half populated within, and it was but sparsely settled in and around the piazzas.

Patches of sea-fog, scarcely larger than a laprobe, were flying past the distant woods, and only to be seen drifting over the damp grass of the adjacent field, when the dark outline of the trees gave the clouds of vapor a background upon which to be discovered.

The last week of what had been an intensely sultry August, with the backbone of the season broken. The fair women and gay belles of the Long Branch world had, some weeks before, shaken out their lawn dresses, hung up their chip hats, and spread out the wrinkles from their sun-umbrellas; and now they were shuddering at the flimsiness of those same lawn dresses, which no amount of Glen Cove starch could keep up to the requisite amount of stiffness. They had commenced furling their sun-umbrellas, and the chip hats were allowed to hang with downcast brims from the pegs in their cloistered sleeping-rooms.

There were groups of young ladies in the more sheltered portions of the piazzas, and groups of old

ladies in the narrow hall-doorways. The pretty creatures were like Summer butterflies when the dampness of a shower pinions their gauzy wings and they can find no sunshine to flutter about in.

The four corners of the main parlor were occupied by four distinct groups of gossip-makers. There was a broken group of three at the grand piano, strumming out the last new waltz, while the keys were clanging to the player's touch, and the general dampness of the day had very materially affected the tone of the aforesaid instrument. Then there was the usual group of hotel children doing a round game of kissing in the centre of the big room, and two very stout and very lazy old gentlemen, with the most resigned countenances in the world, were canvassing the folly of shutting up city houses for the season and going off to the seaside, to be jammed up in seven-by-nine rooms, and of paying roundly for the privilege.

A glance at the open space before the office told the story of the two days' sea-fog and dampness. There were at least three trunks to every passenger who had been booked for a seat in the omnibus for the early train, and a pile of ominous looking files was rapidly increasing in size upon the right-hand corner of the clerk's desk. And so it was that the season was well-nigh over, and things were being neglected in the hotels and out of them. The only attentive beings connected with the house were the crack waiters, who were more than ever solicitous for their perquisites, as the whispering hints of an early discharge came blowing in through the dining-room windows with the fresh sea-breeze.

Lazily making the most of a Reina Victoria, which, by-the-way, was uncomfortably damp from too long an exposure on the vendor's counter, I felt about as careless as any one could well be who was a visitor, and not a guest at the establishment. I was inwardly congratulating myself upon being domiciled at a homestead half a mile distant, where there were plenty of easy-chairs to lounge in, and plenty of big trees for shelter; where there were horses to drive without being compelled to pay for them at the livery-stable prices, and plenty of Alderney milk to drink, from glorious old milk-pans, with the cream gathering over their tops, waiting only to be stirred with the polished clam-shell lying on the shelf.

Then there was my big Newfoundland—good old honest "Watch"—thoroughly grown from blissful puppyhood, winking at me with his great brown eyes, as he lay upon the corner of the stoop, ready for a start when I should be ready, and impatient at the delay. He had been keeping guard over a gun and powder-flask, for there was too much wind for snipe-shooting, and the hotel piazza was more comfortable than the beach.

But I should here do the dog the justice to say that he was keeping guard over more than the gun and powder-flask. Nestled down, quite lovingly, within a few feet of him, were a pair of lovers in a snug corner, and my old dog had been, in the truce of the time and place, keeping just one eye upon the loving couple. There were a pair of shapely shoulders, with a delicate zephyr shawl clasped around them; there was a pretty morning-dress, neatly trimmed with ruchings, and touched up at the side with little, wicked-looking knots of braid; and there was a shapely head of glorious black hair, most wickedly done up in a heavy French twist, and a pretty little white hand, with but one diamond, and that a *solitaire*, toying with the trimmings on the dress.

It would have been a pretty picture altogether, had it not been that there was one figure too many in the making up of it. There was a gentleman in the case; and while I could not see the lady's face, I saw, very distinctly, the features of a young fellow whom I had often seen upon the beach and on the boat; and those features were unbearably close to the head of glorious black hair, and he even took hold of the hand which had been toying with the trimmings on the dress.

What they were saying to each other, I could not discover. It would have been impolite to have listened, and however fond of me the dog may have been, and however willing to give me the information I desired, he was unable to do so.

As I came toward him he gave me a quick bark of recognition, at which the pretty lady started. Just for a moment she turned her face toward me, and I caught a glimpse of a somewhat pale face, a pair of flashing black eyes, and then, seeing that they had been discovered, there was just the least bit of a blush upon the lady's face, and she arose to go.

It was but a moment's work for the gentleman to throw open the sash of the window near them, and almost with a smile of conscious triumph at me, he extended his hand to her as she was going in. I felt almost convicted of some criminal offense for what may have been, upon my part, an unintentional intrusion. But there was no time or opportunity for an apology. I stooped down to pick up the gun, hoping, as I did so, to catch the lady's eye and obtain one glance of forgiveness from those piercing black eyes. But the gentleman had already placed himself between us, and as the little jeweled hand caught hold of the dress to assist in passing through the window, I caught sight, and that only for a moment, of a tiny foot, high-arching at the instep, clad in a little toilet slipper, with a shining, high-pointed French heel, and something like a raised fox's head embroidered on the toe of the pretty little slipper.

The most uneasy life that any one can lead is that which has nothing else to care for than amusement. And so I had found mine, during almost the whole of the Summer. True, there was something very refreshing in a whirl along the bluff, or over a shaded roadway, behind a good horse, at an early hour in the morning, when the dew was on the grass, and while the birds were chirping from the lower branches of the wayside trees; but then it was an exertion to get up at such an early hour, and I am free to confess that upon more than one occasion I

could not see why the coachman should be so infernally punctual at having the horse ready. And then, again, there was a sameness in shooting which had grown to be monotonous. To shoot at the same birds two or three days in the week, and kill only a brace of them, was wearisome, and almost any sensation would have been a grateful one, providing that it had a dash of romance hidden somewhere in and around it.

I had looked for the pretty lady with the black eyes and the heavy French twist, but had not found her. She had not been seen in the hotel-parlor, nor had she been seen wandering along the beach in the evening, painting pictures in the moonbeams, nor had she been discovered at the station among the expectant ladies waiting for the arrival of the evening train. I felt and knew that some one of the big trunks, that I had seen piled up in the hotel-office, had borne away from me all that was fragile or flexible of the pretty lady whom my old dog, Watch, had frightened with his innocent bark, and whom I had seen vanish so quickly through the French window.

And so, I had taken an early start, and with my gun slung over my shoulder, had wandered off alone, just for the fun of shooting at the snipe who were dying in flocks from the south, just as the hotel people were beginning to creep down-stairs to breakfast.

And it was jolly sport, that bright, sunshiny September morning. Birds were plenty, and as it was rather warm and very little air stirring, they flew close to the beach, and at each shot would rise and whirl backward toward the south, making a reach for the bluff, and then, skimming along above the grass, would dart down toward the sea, and away out of gunshot.

Intent upon the sport, I had determined on just one more shot, and then for home, when a flock of large birds came winging up toward me, with one leader a few yards in advance, and the rest of them in a close covey sailing along behind him. The only shelter I could get, as they came toward me, was the line of bathing-houses close to the bluff, and I poured the shot into the barrels, without any wadding, as the little gray fellows came fluttering past me. Quick as I could raise the gun to my shoulder, I sent after them a good two ounces of polished lead from my right-hand barrel and winged the leader, scarcely touching another bird; so I rammed a wad down upon the charge in the other barrel and waited for them to turn. I was doubly anxious, for I was annoyed at my careless loading, and there were one or two gunners further down the beach, who were waiting for my escaped flock of promising "yellow-legs."

There was a quick volley from my friend below me, a couple of the foremost birds fluttered in the sea, and the rest turned toward the bluff, gathering in a broken circle, and then making for the beach again. The sport was exciting. My neighbor sportsman had the laugh on me, and I felt piqued at an ill-luck which I was pleased to consider the result of hasty and careless loading. Taking good sight at the frightened birds, just as they flew past me, in direct line with one of the little summer-houses on the bank, all radiant in green-painted lattice-work, I fired, and one bird only fell.

But as the shot scattered about the summer-house, there was a faint scream from the bank, and a young man came running from the cool retreat and up along the bluff, at a rattling pace. I knew in a moment that he had been frightened by the shot, and from the furtive glances that he gave behind him, I saw that he was far more scared than hurt. He was, in the parlance of the racing calendar, making good time on a short track, and the temptation to bring out his latent speed was too good to be resisted. With no charge in either barrel, I drew sight upon him and sprang up the short stairway of uneven wooden steps leading down to the beach.

My discomfited runaway shrank from the glistening gun-barrels, and dodged into one of the summer-houses further up, and then, passing out upon the further side, keeping in range of the obstructions, sprang over the light fence which skirted the roadway, and I could see him, not altogether running, but walking at a remarkably rapid gait, toward the lane leading from the main drive to the rear of one of the hotels.

Curiosity, which poets of the ancient and the modern times attribute mainly to the woman-kind, has descended, in a direct line, from the fair sex to the sterner one, and the careless gunner claims to have his share of it. And so, in obedience to that curiosity, I turned my attention to the summer-house from which my fugitive lounge had emerged.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when I found the floor covered with bits of torn and crumpled paper, and several bits of jewelry, a bracelet of hair, and a watch-chain of the same material, lying on the seat. My friend of the agile limbs had been holding a love-tryst, or, rather, had been enjoying the sequel to one. Within the inclosure, with her face buried in her hands, and sobbing bitterly, in short, hysterical sobs, was a lady. She was too much frightened to cry aloud, and in answer to my question whether she was hurt by the random shot which had been flying around her, she gave me not a word, but held her face close-hidden in the skirt of her dress, and motioned with her head that nothing serious had happened.

Here, then, was a dilemma. Alone, at early morning, in a summer-house, with an unknown lady, and the floor littered with the remains of torn letters, and the seat strewn with all kinds of keepsakes, evidently just returned, in a lover's quarrel—the letters, so easily destroyed, had been probably read over, kissed over and cried over, before being torn to pieces—and the lady speechless, with her face hidden from me.

With more of the rogue than the gentleman, perhaps, I laid my gun carefully down upon the grass beside the summer-house, and endeavored to soothe the lady. She assured me that she was unhurt, and begged me, in sobbing tones, still with her face hidden in the folds of her dress, not to expose her.

Expose her—for what? was the very natural question.

"You have quarrelled, then, perhaps?"

I faltered the question, and waited a reply.

A single nod of the head was all the answer.

"You were engaged, and you have broken it off?" I ventured to suggest.

Again there was a silence, then a nod of the head, and then again a quick motion in the negative.

I endeavored, as gently as I could, to move the hands down from the face, but to no avail. I touched her lightly on the arm, to reassure her—I choose to put it so, reader, for want of better words—and she repulsed me, and sprang to her feet, as though she would escape. I felt at once that I had gone too far. Even the accidental falseness of her position did not warrant me in further persistence, and I begged her pardon.

She placed her hand in mine, and asked me, in a low tone, to keep her secret. They had quarreled, she said, the night before—she had been engaged to another, and had loved the man who had so kindly fled, fearing, she said, some danger from her affianced, whom she had expected. She was repentant. They had destroyed the letters, had

exchanged the trinkets given to each other, and that morning was to have been their last meeting—and would I keep the secret?

The inquiry and the request were alike to me ridiculous. I had not seen her face; I could not recognize the muffled tones of the voice, and so I had no need of such a promise. Aside from this, the situation to me was, at best, one of the most embarrassing, and so I offered to escort her to the hotel, glad to escape surveillance myself, and hoping, in that event, to ascertain the name and whereabouts of the strange little bird that I had almost captured.

My proffered escort was at once declined, and with her arm placed lovingly and confidently upon my arm, she asked me, in flattering tones, to allow her to depart alone, and seek no information as to her name and residence.

"As you are a gentleman," she murmured, "I must beg you to depart. Believe me," and her voice faltered, and I saw that she was crying, "you can do me no greater favor, and I will not leave here till you are far away."

"Then I will go," was my quick reply, and I turned toward the hotel, in which the signs of moving life were beginning to be visible, and just as the big brass gong was being rung for breakfast.

I extended my hand to her, and she took it. It was a quick, warm, almost grateful pressure, and I turned again to go.

Quick as a flash, almost, her hand was laid upon my arm—a small, white hand, without ring or anything that I could recognize again; she pointed to the stairway; then, in pantomime motion, up the beach.

"Your birds fly toward the sea, sir, and you will oblige me by going back the way you must have come."

It was quite like the scene in a comedy, and I felt that I was, for once in my life, thoroughly cast for the part of a walking gentleman.

It may have been a case of pluck rather than volition, but down the bank I went, and once below, looked up into the summer-house, where the lady, still with her face hidden in her dress, was fumbling about, picking up the trinkets and the paper. I snapped my fingers to attract attention—rather an abrupt way, I'm true, but it happened to serve the purpose—and threw a kiss toward her. She saw it, evidently, for she shook her head, and pointed, in silence, up the beach.

There was just wind enough to flutter the fragments of paper at her feet, no more, and as she pointed out the way that I had pledged myself to go, I lifted my cap to her, and with a second kiss thrown up to her—which, this time, she accepted—walked away.

There was no sign, no pledge—not even, by way of a remembrance, one of the watch-chains or the lockets—nothing for a keepsake but the remembrance; and yet, as she stood in the doorway, and then, for the first time, broke into a roguish, ringing laugh, the breeze that stirred the papers blew from her feet the skirt of her dress. Resting on the sill of the summer-house, pointing with its tiny toe toward the rippling waters, I caught just one glimpse of the little fox-head slipper.

Never did a Milesian bog-trotter trail after a Jack-o'-Lantern with more care and with poorer success than I did after my little lady of the summer-house and trinkets. I am free to confess that I suddenly found a great, and, perhaps, uncommendable, interest in the hotel people, and I am quite certain that a dress-suit was exhumed from a neglected trunk, to attend the last hop of the season, in search for my divinity *incognito*.

I almost wished, at times, that I could have danced in half-a-dozen sets of the Lancers at one time, so as to have been in all the grand chains at once, in order to have shaken hands with all the fair ladies at once, feeling quite sure that she must be shaking hands with *somebody*, and thoroughly satisfied that the somebody, at that particular time, should have been the writer.

But all to no avail; and as a last resort I impressed the hotel clerk into my service, and without giving him any information as to *why* I was so particularly solicitous about the lady, I found that, though we could not altogether place her on his list of remarkably pretty women in or about the house, she had evidently left a day or two before, and so, for the time, I gave it up—at least for the season, and allowed the vision to shut itself out from my mind, as the houses were shut in by the heavy, solid shutters which barred the windows and doors of the hotels as the guests departed and the season closed.

CHAPTER II.

'Twas the coldest night of February, 186—. My own room was far more comfortable, with its jolly fireball, candle fire, and an easy-chair and shaded drop-light, than the theatre. There was a round of good old comedies, and all the glorious stage-rant and splendid set-scenes of the legitimate drama, and there was the grand ballet spectacle at Niblo's. But this was a crisp snow on the ground, and a biting wind directly in one's teeth in the walk homeward, and so I put on a fresh piece of candle, and watched it crackle and blaze, as I lighted a second cigar, and settled myself for a reading of the last new novel, with the most gorgeous of pen-painting in the scenes, and the most improbable of *epic* plots in its construction.

There was a furious ringing of the front-door bell, a rumble of wheels upon the snow beneath my window, and almost as quickly as the sound of the bell had died away, there was a knock upon the door of my comfortable sitting-room.

Some lounge, perhaps, who liked the flavor of my cigars, and proposed to bore me with eucure. "No—it was Tom Harmer, my old college chum, with a bundle in his arms half the size of his body, which bundle he very deliberately proceeded to lay upon my pet lounge, and commenced cutting, with his penknife, the strings which bound it.

"Come, old boy; I want you."

He threw off his hat, followed suit with his overcoat, and I saw that he was evidently in earnest.

"Want me—for what? It's cold enough to freeze the hair from a dog, to-night, and I don't go out, if I know it."

"Oh, but you will, and there's an end of it. I'm off to the Liederkranz. The big ball of the season comes off to-night at the Academy. I've paid just fifteen dollars for my own ticket. I've a dead-head one for you, a clown's dress and two dominoes in this bundle, and I won't take No for an answer."

And so, as he was determined, I went to the window, gazed down upon the impatient coach-driver, who waited at the door, and, handing Tom a cigar, began the work of dressing for the Liederkranz.

It was simply a clown's dress, easily put on; it required no make-up. I had a drawer half full of masques, the relics and remembrances of several masquerade flirtations, and in little more than half an hour I found myself in the foyer of the Academy of Music, surrounded by the many masques of the ball-room, as they crowded about the dressing-room door.

There were Germans in domino, Germans in costume, German *fräus* and *fräuleins* in short skirts and long, and a very Venus (supposedly) in a pink silk domino, with a white cross on one shoulder, and a half-dozen of tube-roses fastened in her hair. There was no extraordinary dressing in the make-up of that *coiffure*—simply regal in the arrangement, and covered with golden powder, which had the color. Tom and I both marked her for a little romance, and, in the freedom of the masked ball, we pursued the unknown beauty. And yet, in all her movements, she was shy of us; she was an educated lady, for her conversation was brilliant at times, and as my friend Harmer, who was a good linguist, addressed her in German and French, she replied in these languages, and there he had the best of me.

At last, a set was formed, and in that set my unknown divinity chanced to have a place. It was the "Lancers," the jolliest of all the square dances, for the grand chain is so sociable, and so confidently intimate—at a masked ball. A little fairy of a woman, clad in the dress of a *circassienne*, with canteen slung, and high Polish boots, stood near me on the floor. I could see her eyes sparkling roguishly from behind the mask she wore, and I extended a hand for the dance. She took it, after a little hesitation, and as the music from the full band began, we bowed to each other, and the dance commenced, *ris-à-àis* to the domino with the white cross on the shoulder, and the glorious head with the golden powder and the tube-roses.

There were words spoken in the moving-figure, and in the grand chain. I never passed her that I did not find some sentence, short and expressive, which I hoped might call an answer; and perhaps I neglected, just a little, my accommodating *ricordi-re*.

But it will not pay to make the story tedious; my domino was shy, and as I ventured into conversation with her again, and took off my mask while talking with her in the box, she was friendly, but non-committal; I could get no satisfaction, and her face was still concealed.

The church-clock in Fourteenth Street had tolled eleven, and the dance was going on, when the managers of the ball moved around among their guests, preparing for the removal of the masks, at midnight, as was the custom.

And I felt that my time was coming. She laid her hand upon my arm and whispered: "You see that gentleman there, in the second box?"

"Yes; what of it?"

"You know him, then. You see he has no mask?"

I looked again. I did not know the gentleman, and told her so.

"Then do me a favor, please—call him at once."

Obedient to the command, I did so, and he looked toward her box as I spoke to him. She raised her fan to him as a signal, and he came to the box with me as I stood aside to let him enter.

"My shawl, Harry—I am going," was all that I heard, and then some few words in a whisper, not audible to me.

This was a flirtation in a new phase—a few moments only before midnight—a domino with a white cross on the shoulder—and a mask upon the face of the lady whom I did not know—my own mask removed—the advantage was clearly on her own side—and not altogether a pretty situation.

Still, I saw Tom Harmer coming, and I knew too well that he had been watching us, and a gentleman never likes to confess himself beaten, even at a Liederkranz flirtation.

"I may hear from you?" I asked in haste, for the gentleman with the shawl was coming also, and I knew it to be nearly time for one of the clowns of the masquerade to make good his retreat, and so I pressed my question again, and waited for the answer.

There was no time to give it; she turned her back to me, and dropped her fan, then left the box, playfully bowing to me, as I fancied that the gentleman alluded to as "Harry" bore the lady off in triumph, and away from me.

The little, partly broken fan was my souvenir, and as I handed it over to Tom Harmer as a trophy of war, perhaps, he seemed to laugh as though in derision of my curiously one-sided love-affair; and then he laughed again, and tossed the fan, open, into my hands.

"*Delmonico's, to-morrow, two o'clock,*" was written on the white silk, and Tom had read it.

CHAPTER III.

THERE were two gentlemen who took a lively interest in the vicinity of Union Square, next day at noon. These two gentlemen were friends; they chanced to meet near Wallack's, and they walked along, in the welcome sunshine of a Winter's afternoon, toward Delmonico's—just as many gentlemen have walked toward Delmonico's before, friends and not friends. Both the gentlemen were nervous—the one (my friend Tom, by-the-way) nervous with merriment, and the other one (myself) nervous with expectation. I was as unsteady in my own mind as were the snowflakes which whirled around the corner, as I took a seat at one of the small tables near the window, and Tom, seating himself at the end of the room, where he could see, and not be seen, ordered salad, coffee and cognac.

There were a dozen of ladies and gentlemen who came in; there were more than a dozen went out from the elegant dining-room, and the Geneva clock upon the mantel opposite the door struck two, in its most deliberate and unfeeling manner.

And yet no one had come for me, and I was disappointed. A man cannot, in all conscience, take more than a quarter of an hour to dispose of "salad for one"—and I had been twenty minutes over nine, when Tom, with a roguish smile, sent me over a wine-card and pencil, with a polite request to "put up that small bottle of Extra-Dry."

I felt just piqued enough to pay it, and had just begun to write my name, when one of the waiters told me I was wanted at the office.

I think, just at this moment, there must have been not less than seventy seconds in the minute of present time. I felt as nervous as a partridge might be supposed to feel while drumming with its wings, at sight of a good retriever—but to the office I went, with Tom, good-natured, hearty fellow as he was, compelled to remain in his seat and wait for the *denouement*.

A tall, good-looking servant stood in waiting, bearing in his hand a small, oblong package addressed to me, and in a neatly pretty lady's hand of writ.

"An answer?"

"No, sir. I was told to hand this to yourself, and no one else."

"And you are sent by—"

"A lady, sir!"

And before I could recover from the surprise of his rather insolent reply, the fellow had gone, and I stood, quite like a clown in verity, without the costume of the Liederkranz, with the package in my hands.

It was Tom's table, this time, which had another guest. The small bottle of Extra-Dry was called for, and the price of it a wager that the contents of the box would be worth more than the wine; and so, over the fresh dish of salad, I broke the seal.

And with that seal, the mystery of a long-

thought story came—to remain so through my natural life, perhaps.

There were two cards in the box, and only two, joined together by white ribbon, showing that they were wedding-cards; and the names of the lady entire, and the last name of the gentleman had been carefully cut out from the shining Bristol-board.

The one word, "Harry," was all that remained; and in the box, wrapped in the daintiest of white paper, carefully preserved in every bend and every stitch, and which I handed to Tom Harmer with a smile of satisfaction, but without a word of explanation, was a remnant of one of the little fox-head slippers.

The story of some fair lady's life had been nicely, fairly, truly told, and I paid for the champagne with the best will possible—the contents of the little box were cheaply purchased.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Prince of Wales at Bristol.

The recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Berkeley Castle, the seat of Lord Fitzhardinge, was arranged for him to see the races of the Grand National Hunt meeting, and other steeple-chases on the new course at Bristol. The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Probyn, went down to Berkeley Castle. Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge had invited numerous guests to meet him, amongst whom were the Marchioness of Hastings, the Countess of Westmoreland, the Earl of Aylesford, the Earl of Coventry, Lord C. Beresford, Sir C. Kershaw, and Mr. H. Chaplin, M. P. On the first day of the races at Bristol, the Prince and the rest of the Berkeley Castle party went by special train to that city, and arrived upon the racecourse at one o'clock. His Royal Highness, with Lord and Lady Fitzhardinge and the Marchioness of Hastings, was in an open barouche drawn by a pair of grays; the other friends, also in carriages, following. The Prince was greeted with hearty cheering at the station and in the streets of Bristol, and along the road to the racecourse. When he alighted at the portico of the Grand Stand, there was another demonstration of welcome, again renewed as he showed himself upon the balcony of the reserved portion in the County Stand. A room at the back of the Grand Stand had been tastefully fitted up for his accommodation. His appearance on the Grand Stand is the subject of our illustration. He went round the enclosure, looking at the paddocks, stables, and other arrangements, with which he was much pleased. During the afternoon the Prince witnessed every race, and then returned to the railway station, on his way to Berkeley Castle, shortly before six o'clock. He attended the races next day, to see the great steeple-chase of the Grand National Hunt.

Vienna and the Universal Exposition.

In this week's issue we give a bird's-eye view of the city of Vienna, Austria, and of the Exposition Palace with its surroundings, as it will appear when completed. Vienna—in German, *Wien*; in Magyar, *Bes*; in Bohemian, *Vjden*—capital of the Empire and Archduchy of Austria and seat of an Archbishopric, is situated on the right bank of the Danube, the *Wien*, which here receives the waters of the Ottakringerbach, the Alserbach, the Doellingerbach and the Neustadt Canal. The Danube at Vienna branches into the Grosser Donau, the Kaiser Avur or Wasser, and the Wiener Donau Canal. The city, located in a plain surrounded by hills, is divided into the city proper and 34 suburbs—one of which, and only one (Leopoldstadt), is on the left bank of the river. It is 25 kilometers—about 27,000 yards—in circumference, and has, according to the last census, a population of not less than 580,000. The city proper contains 23 squares, 127 streets, 1,220 private residences and hotels, and 12 gates. Being a fortified town, surrounded by high bastions, it has not been able to extend itself on any side, and it is on the other side of the Glacis that the populous suburbs are to be found. The ramparts, which have been dismantled, are now used only by promenaders, and the Glacis has been converted into fields, intersected by rows of trees. The suburbs, not being confined or restricted by barriers, are spreading out in every direction. Its site and disposition give Vienna a very picturesque aspect, while, at the same time, they expose it to the full force of the winds, which rage there with great violence, and cause most sudden and disagreeable changes of weather. Vienna is an aristocratic city, *par excellence*. There are whole streets where every balcony surmounts an armorial escutcheon, and where under each door there appear porters attired in the most bizarre liveries. It must also be remarked that it is in the narrow streets without sidewalks, dark, even gloomy, musty-looking, and tortuous, but well paved, the imperial and princely palaces, the public offices and buildings, the galleries of science and art, the *Bourse*, the grand establishments of public utility, and the principal hotels of the Hungarian, Bohemian and Austrian nobility, are to be found. The houses, being very high and very large, sometimes contain the population of a village or a hamlet, with the nobleman's family, relations, friends, servants and retainers. There is a great number of alleys or narrow passageways, from street to street, which were cut for the convenience of traffic and transit. The street numbers consist of a series of hieroglyphics, and are posted in a manner completely incomprehensible to the average stranger, even if he be a German or a native. We will do Vienna and the Viennese the justice to add that the city is neat, respectable, rich and picturesque, and that the Viennese ladies are not only very pretty, but dress with exquisite taste, and are as elegant in the morning when shopping as they are in the afternoon in the Prater, driving, riding, or walking, or at night at the opera or ball. Last week we gave, with an illustration, an account of the condition in March of the three main buildings, and the park of the Prater, in which the Exposition is to be held. Besides these principal structures, there will be a host of smaller ones, and, among them, one which will contain an exposition of works by amateurs. An agricultural fair will be held in the park at the same time.

Spain—Procession of Medical Students.

Passing the Congress in Madrid.

This illustration shows a procession of medical students in Madrid passing the Cortes during one of its most trying situations. The sitting of the Legislature was of a most important character, for the Radical Deputies had determined to leave the Cortes *en masse*, a proceeding which would virtually have dissolved the Chambers and necessitated a general election. A commission of Republicans and Radicals consulted during the night, in order, if possible, to bring about a reconciliation, and the Ministers met in Council to avoid a crisis. The Parliament House itself was guarded by the militia and by a detachment of National Guards. Other National Guards took up positions in those houses which formed strategic points in the city. Everything looked volcanic and insurrectionary. Barricades, street-fighting, and all the other phenomena of revolution, as known in Paris, seemed about to threaten Madrid. Yet, while the Legislature was passing the night in doubt and anxiety, the streets of Madrid were ringing with mirth and revelry. At all events, while the Deputies were debating within the House, and although general disorganization and bloodshed might follow as the result of their decision, the crowd outside, many of them dressed in every conceivable disguise, were enjoying all the extravagances of the carnival, just as if the political atmosphere was perfectly serene and cloudless.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Susquehanna River, Pa., rose very high last week.

THE Democrats have gained a victory in Connecticut.

THE United States legal-tenders outstanding are \$358,525,527.

CAPTAIN JACK and his Modocs are still their own masters.

THE gamblers in New York will strike anything except a light.

GENERAL F. M. CASS was elected Mayor of Denver, Colorado.

THERE are 1,385 workmen employed in the Navy Yard at present.

THE session of the Portuguese Cortes has been brought to a close.

THE horse-disease, in a mild form, has appeared in Sacramento.

THE Welland Canal will be opened for navigation on the 21st instant.

A STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION is to be held in Baltimore, May 7th.

PRESIDENT GRANT had a sudden attack of illness last Friday. He is better.

A BUST of the late composer Balfe is shortly to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

THE inhabitants of Salamanca, Spain, have expelled the Jesuits from that city.

A SURVEY for a narrow-gauge railway from Stockton to Visalia, Cal., has been begun.

THE Prince of Wales was installed Grand Commander of the Order of Knights Templar.

THE meeting of the Press of Alabama in Birmingham has been postponed until May 15th.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON has been offered \$50,000 to deliver 50 lectures in the United States.

THE total number of prisoners remaining in Sing Sing was 1,321—1,213 males and 108 females.

QUEEN VICTORIA has contributed \$1,250 to the testimonial to the late Mr. Maguire, M. P., of Cork.

THE Madrid *Gazette* contains a decree authorizing the Minister of War to purchase 50,000 rifles abroad.

THE colored men of North Carolina are to hold a Temperance Convention in Newbern, on Wednesday, June 4th.

It is reported that Menotti Garibaldi has offered his services to the Spanish Republicans, against the Carlists.

It is rumored that E. S. Stokes has retained a criminal lawyer of Lyons, Iowa, named William E. Lellingwell.

THE Duke of Edinburgh's engagement to the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia is soon to be officially announced.

SCHOOLTEACHERS in the Swiss canton of Solvère are forbidden to inculcate the doctrine of Pajal Infallibility.

THE annual base-ball tournament of the New England Colleges will take place in Springfield, Mass., July 14th.

A JAPANESE embassy, of which Mr. C. W. Legendre, the United States Consul at Amoy, is a member, is on its way to Peking.

PRESIDENT GRANT has appointed E. E. Henderson, of Wisconsin, to be agent for the Chippewa Indians of Lake Superior.

THE Peace Commissioners have become disgusted with the Modocs, and have returned to camp. There is no hope for peace.

MITCHAJEFF, the Russian political murderer, who was condemned to 20 years' exile, with hard labor, shot himself on the way to Siberia.

A FAIR for the benefit of St. James's Cathedral, Brooklyn, which has recently undergone extensive repairs, will be held at Brooklyn Hall.

AN order by the Sultan forbidding the wearing of turbans in places of public amusement is creating some disturbance at Constantinople.

THE Revenue Marine Department has taken the necessary steps to put the revenue vessels on the lakes in readiness for the usual Summer cruising.

LYNCHBURG, Va., has received, during the past six months, 7,448,180 pounds of tobacco, an increase of 2,749,170 pounds over the same period last season.

GOVERNOR PARKER, it is said, will call an extra session of the New Jersey Senate, to act upon a Commission he will name, to revise the Constitution of the State.

MASSACHUSETTS proposes to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill in 1875 by erecting a statue to General Joseph Warren.

THE remains of a man who was buried in a California cemetery 10 years ago were recently found to have become petrified, weighing between 400 and 500 pounds.

WALTER F. FARRINGTON, of Rochester, N. H., supposed to be in the last stages of consumption, recently coughed up five inches of wrapping twine, and is now improving.

THE Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Towns has reported bills for annexing West Roxbury, Brookline, Brighton and Charlestown to Boston, subject to ratification by a majority vote of the city and towns.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has directed Supervising Inspector Low to investigate all the circumstances connected with the wrecking of the steamers *Lisa City*, on Long Island Sound, and the *Nupha*, on the Hudson.

THE Society of the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac, will hold its sixth annual reunion at the Temple of Music, corner of Orange and Centre Streets, New Haven, Conn., on Wednesday, May 14th, at 10 A. M.

FIFTY-EIGHT years ago the Battle of Waterloo was described in one-third of a column in the London *Morning Chronicle*. Volumes could not convey a more forcible illustration of the expansion of journalism than does this single fact.

THE Farmers' State Union, now in session, has adopted resolutions in favor of making San Francisco a free port. The Union has now under discussion a resolution in favor of the adoption of United States currency throughout California.

MR. SCUDAMORE, the Manager of the Telegraphic Department of the British Post Office, has taken \$8,000,000 belonging to the depositors in the post-office savings banks, and without any authority of law has used it in "running" his own Department.

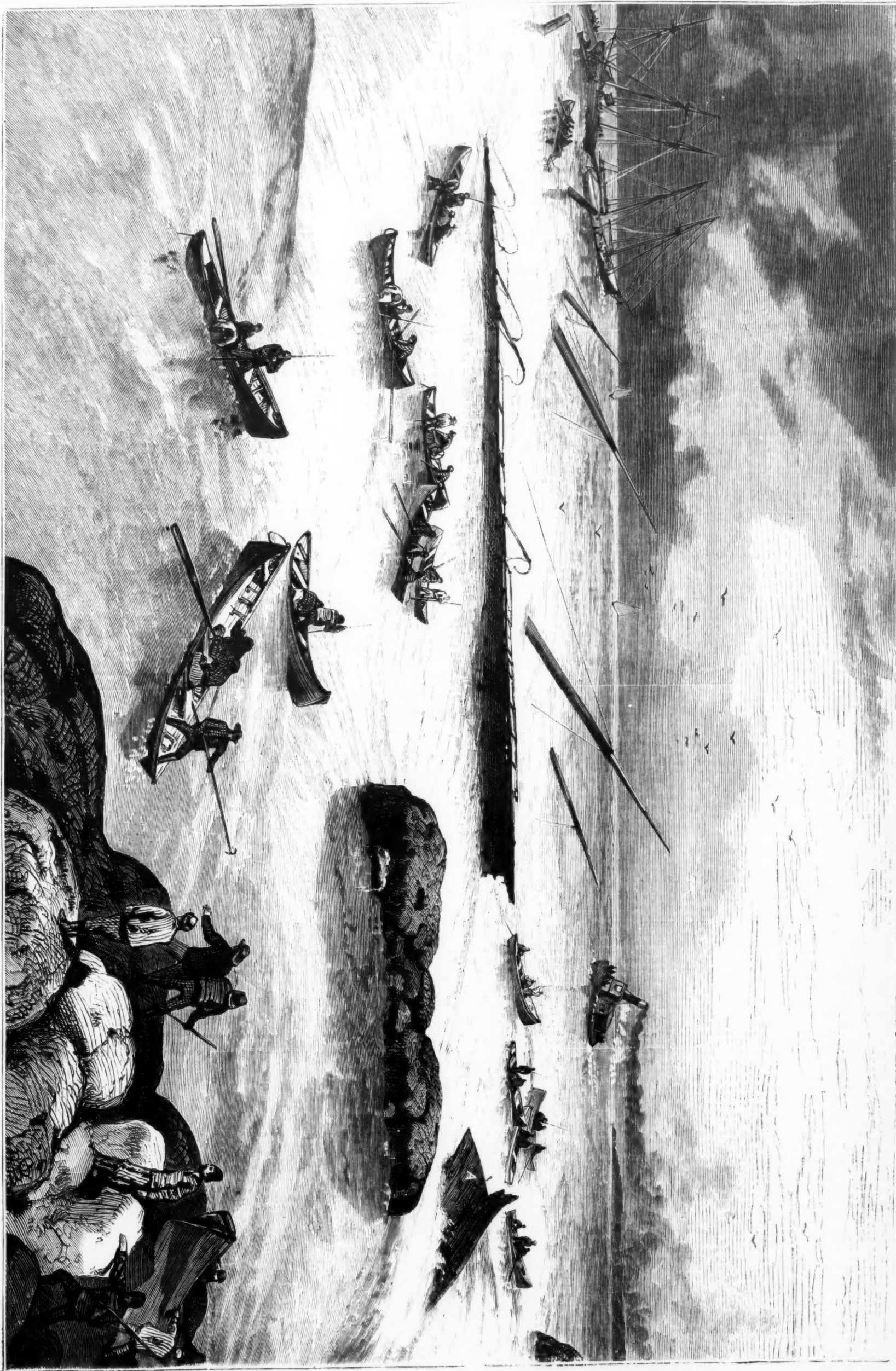
THE Brooklyn Park Commissioners have made a contract to build a tomb for the bones of the prison-ship martyrs now lying at the west side of the Navy Yard, on Hudson Avenue. The price agreed upon is \$6,800, and the work is to be completed by the 1st of June.



FISHERMEN LOOKING THROUGH WOODEN FUNNELS FOR BODIES ON THE BOTTOM AROUND THE WRECK.



WRECKERS RECOVERING THE CARGO, AND TOWING IT ALONGSIDE THEIR SCHOONERS.
NOVA SCOTIA.—LATEST SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC."—FROM SKETCHES BY JOS. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 103.



NOVA SCOTIA.—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC."—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 105.

A.—Bow of wrecked vessel.

THE HARPER'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

STRANGE, low notes of deep despair
Drifting on the Christmas air;
Little fingers, wan and thin,
Lingering from string to string;
Little features, haggard, sharp,
Fondly bent above a harp—
Bent till black locks, twining, touch
The sobbing strings he loved so much.
Scant the tunic that he wears,
Garnished round with patch and tears,
Threadbare here and tattered there—
Scanty shield for Christmas wear.
How the thin lips close and part;
Tatters thro' above the heart!
Listless rest the half-closed eyes,
Turning now to where the skies
Flooded lie in silver light,
Turning now to where the night
Hides in shadows deep and dark—
Shadows deep and cold and dark—
Dreaming in the silvery light,
Dreaming in the Christmas night;
Faint smiles along his face—
Smiles that lights and shadows chase—
What can be the Harper's dreams,
Smiling in the silver beams?

He hath 'neath the palm-tree slept,
He hath breathed where fragrance swept;
Wreathed about his harp with flowers,
Laughed amidst the purple bowers;
Lo! he sees the Cross afar—
Southern Cross—shine star by star;
Hears the whirr of crimson bird,
Trembling of the leaves hath heard;
Hears the echoes fall and rise—
Music of his own fair skies.

Hushed the murmuring of strings;
Stark and cold the hand that clings
Fondly to them yet; the face,
Bowed upon its resting-place,
Silent with the smile still there—
Peace it seldom used to wear—
Clustering locks that ever fell
Round the strings he loved so well.
Dreams are past; the frozen heart
Throbs no longer—who shall part
The fingers clasped, the features sharp,
The Harper from his silent harp?

INNOCENT:

A TALE OF MODERN LIFE.
BY
MRS. OLIPHANT,
Author of "Salem Chapel," "The Minister's Wife," "Squire
Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE FLOWER OF STERBORNE.

I DO not know if any prevision of the fate which was about to befall him was in Frederick's mind on that eventful night. He had a few words with his mother, which were not altogether friendly, ere he went to dress, for Mrs. Eastwood objected to the private walk and talk with Innocent, which seemed to her to be done in defiance of her warning and request.

"Ask her what I said to her, if you don't trust me," Frederick had said, in high dudgeon, before he went to prepare himself for Mr. Batty's entertainment; and this encounter excited him, and gave him a perverse inclination to enjoy himself with the host whom he felt would be so highly disapproved of by his family. I don't think he let his imagination dwell at all on the fact that there was a third person to be present, or that this was a woman and a beauty. The greatest beauty in the world, being Mr. Batty's daughter, could be of little importance to an Eastwood. He went his way to Batty's hotel with his head full of many thoughts, but totally indifferent to this one. He thought it immensely impudent of the fellow to ask him, that it was rather hard upon himself to be obliged to go, that it would be amusing to see how fellows of that sort dined and conducted themselves generally, along with a variety of other reflections equally superficial; but he never thought of the Flower of Sterborne, nor of the special effect she might be likely to produce on a young man suddenly presented to her. The hotel was not one of those seeming humble and quiet establishments, where princes and millionaires abound, but yet dear enough to frighten any moderate soul out of London. Frederick was shown into a small dining-room, prepared for a small party. He saw, with some relief, that there were but three places, and took his seat very easily, and without ceremony, in front of the fire, with the *Times*, which was lying on a table. He scarcely noticed the door open; when it did open it would no doubt be Batty, who was not shy, and would soon make his presence known. Frederick read on, without looking behind him, until he became suddenly aware of a rustling and subdued movement, and a slight air moved his paper as if some one had passed behind him. Startled by this, and somewhat ashamed of his own easy indifference, he started suddenly to his feet, and turned round. He never forgot all his life the sight that met his eyes. Standing behind his chair was (he thought) the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. The arch look with which she had been contemplating his unconscious was still in her face. She was tall, almost as tall as himself, and ample, a fully-developed and splendid piece of flesh and blood, not so warm or so full-blown as Rubens, but something approaching that school of art. She was of the class of beauty which has come to be distinctive of the present period, though I cannot tell why. Her hair, I need not say, was golden; her complexion dazzling. She was like the sun, almost as brilliant, in her mingling of tints, her snow-white, and rose-red, and glittering glory of hair. The sight of her was too much for weak vision. It dazzled and brought water to the eyes of the rash and feeble beholder. If you could have calmly examined her features, without regard to that soft glow and glory of color, and texture, and roundness, and life, it is possible that you might have found them to be not at all perfect; but this, not one spectator in a hundred had coolness enough to do. Her eyes were hazel; they ought to have been blue, according to all rules; but it seemed part of her character, and the willfulness which was its chief point, that she should have eyes, which, beautiful as they were, did not quite "go with" her face. There are many kinds of hazel eyes; it is the most changeable, the most capricious of colors. I have seen it turn to gold in a certain pair of orbs I was of, showing like light itself in the light. I have seen it melt into the softest liquid gray; but there is a kind of hazel eye, very bright, very splendid, in which there is hung a subtle little danger-signal to all mankind. These are the eyes that have a spark of red in them, flashing out now and then from the warm, translucent, brown, a spark which tells of temper, of passion, of headstrong will, and impulse. "Manda Batty had these eyes. They were lamps of light, and it seemed

to the looker-on, if any one remarked it at all, that this fiery gleam was necessary to give them character, and keep them from losing their due importance in the brilliant and sweet glow of color that surrounded them. This, if it really was, as I think, an indication of danger, was the only one. At this moment her face was full of suppressed laughter. She had a finger lifted to her lip like a statue of Silence; but how unlike a statue of Silence was she otherwise! or, indeed, a statue of anything; everything about her was warm and soft, breathing a lavish life. When Frederick turned round upon her so suddenly, the laughter in her face burst forth. Perhaps it was louder and more uncontrolled than if she had been, as people say, a lady. She threw herself down in a chair, and laughed till the water sparkled on her pretty eyelashes, and she put her hands to her waist with such a rendering of "Laughter holding both his sides" as never entered into any painter's imagination. "Oh," she cried, "I shall die of laughing; come and stop me—come, papa."

It struck Frederick with a shock of surprise and pain when Mr. Batty came in by another door, also articulate with laughter. The idea of this wonderful creature being Batty's daughter appalled and struck him dumb. Not to say that he was very deeply embarrassed by the situation altogether, by the laughter of the newcomer, and his own semi-ridiculous attitude—her beauty had struck him at once with one of those impressions which are not to be shaken off, which count, slight and superficial as is often the instrument, among the great things of life. Never before had Frederick been so profoundly moved. He did not understand the effect, nor what it meant. He ceased to be himself for the moment, and became the subject of a strange and subtle experiment, which stamped her reflection upon him. No, he was not himself; he was a mirror of her, a sensitive plate, upon which that sudden light had painted her likeness. These may seem fantastic smiles, but I know no other that would convey what I mean. I suppose it was what we, with our limited powers of expression, call love at first sight. It was certainly adoration at first sight, which is a different thing.

"Well, Mr. Eastwood, here's my wild girl making fun of us both," said Batty, "without even giving me a chance of introducing you. 'Manda, this is Mr. Eastwood, as, of course, you have found out."

"Don't say Mr. Eastwood, papa."

"No, you're right. Mr. Frederick, that's what I mean, and a deal nicer a gentleman," said the father. "You see, Mr. Frederick, 'Manda has been, so to speak, brought up with nothing but Eastwoods. All the young 'uns, from Sir Geoffrey downward, rode into Sterborne on their ponies, to have their lessons with our old curate, and 'Manda, being his prime favorite, and partly brought up with him—"

"You don't suppose, papa, that any one but ourselves cares for all these details. Pray forgive me for laughing at you," said Miss Amanda, turning to Frederick; "you were so comfortable and so much at your ease reading your *Times*. What can gentlemen find in the *Times* always, morning, noon and night? Papa is never done with his paper; first there is one thing, then another. I suppose you had been reading it all the morning, Mr. Frederick Eastwood, and the first thing you do is to take it up here."

"I did not know there was any one observing me," said Frederick, standing confused and humble before her.

He who was very lofty and dignified to his mother and sister, was ready to be abject to Amanda. He listened to her with absolute reverence, though all that she had to say was commonplace enough. When he was placed beside her at dinner, and found himself at liberty to look at her and listen to her undisturbed, it seemed to Frederick that he had never been so blessed. He took in all her chatter without losing a word. Miss Batty was in full dress. Those were the days when English ladies were supposed always to appear with bare shoulders in the evening, and her beautiful shoulders and arms were bare. Perhaps if her dress had not been much too fine for the occasion, this would have been less remarkable; but as it was, Frederick's dream was disturbed a little when she jumped up to help herself.

"Oh, I can't sit and wait, if I want a bit of bread, till the servant comes!" she cried.

Frederick did not like the words, nor the tone of them, but she was lovelier than ever when she said them. He could not take his eyes from her. Miss Amanda saw her victory, and almost disdained it, it was so easy; and her father saw it, and was satisfied.

"Now take me to the play," she said, when dinner was over. "It isn't often I am in town, and I mean to enjoy myself."

"Was there ever so imperious a girl?" cried her father. "You ought to remember, 'Manda, here is Mr. Eastwood. You can't send away a gentleman that has just eaten his dinner."

"He can come, too," said Amanda. "I like to have two gentlemen. There is always plenty for two gentlemen to do. Won't you come, Mr. Frederick Eastwood?"

Had she been anything short of perfection, Frederick would have hesitated much before he consented to show himself in public with Mr. Batty and his daughter. But now he had no such thoughts. If he hesitated, it was but to calculate what was going on in the theatrical world worthy to be seen by her. He was not much of a theatre-goer, but he knew what was being played, and where. He suggested one or two of what were supposed to be the best plays, but she put him down quite calmly. She had already decided that she was going to see a drama, the chief point in which was the terrific situation of the hero or heroine, who was bound down on the line of a railway when the train was coming. It was this lofty representation which she had set her heart on seeing. Frederick handed her into the cab, which was immediately sent for. He sat by her in it; he breathed in the atmosphere of "Ess, bouquet," which surrounded her. Now and then he thought, with a glimmer of horror, of meeting somebody whom he knew; but his mind was only at intervals sufficiently free to harbor this thought. It was, however, with a certain fright that he found himself in the stage-box, which, it appeared, had been provided beforehand for Miss Amanda's pleasure.

"I prefer a box," she said to Frederick; "here one can be comfortable, and papa, if he likes, can fall asleep in a comfortable chair; but I can't understand a lady making herself happy down there."

She pointed to the stalls, where Frederick was too happy not to be. There was, of course, somebody he knew in the second row, who found him out, he feared, in the dignity of his box, where Miss Amanda had no idea of hiding herself.

"She objected to her gentlemen," she said, "taking refuge behind a curtain."

She dropped her cloak from her shoulders, and gave the house all the benefit; and she kept calling Frederick's attention to one thing and another, insisting that he should crane his neck round the corner to look at this or that. Her beauty and her dress, and evident willingness to be admired, drew

many eyes, and Frederick felt that he had a share in the *succès* which he could very well have dispensed with. He had experienced a good many adventures, but very few like this. She was perfectly willing to occupy the centre of the box, to ram down influence, to be seen and admired.

"Mr. Eastwood, I wish you would not keep behind me. Do let people see that I have some one to take care of me."

She chattered through all the play, and he listened. She said a great deal that was silly, and some things that were slightly vulgar, and he noted them, yet was not less subjugated by a spell which was beyond resistance. He was not under the delusion that she was a lofty, or noble, or refined being. He presumed that she was Batty's daughter, heart and soul, made of the same *paté*, full of the same thoughts. She was not "a lady," beautiful, splendid and well dressed as she was. The humble, little snub-nosed girl in the stalls below, who looked up at this vision of loveliness with a girl's admiration, had something which all the wealth of the Indies could not have given to Miss Amanda. And Frederick Eastwood saw this quite plainly, yet fell in love. The feeling, such as it was, was too genuine to make him capable of many words, but he did his best to amuse her.

"I hope you mean to stay in town for some time," he said, in one of the pauses of her abundant talk.

"Not very long," said Miss Manda. "Papa likes to live well, and to do things in the best sort of way; so he spends a deal of money, and that can't last long. Papa likes to have everything of the best, so do I."

"And so you ought," said Frederick, adoring. "Pardon me if I am saying too much."

"Oh, you are not saying very much, Mr. Eastwood. It is I that am talking," said Amanda. "Papa wants you to come to Sterborne. He has been talking of it ever since he came back from Paris. What did you do to him to make him take such a fancy to you? You have put a spell upon him, I think."

"He is very good, I am sure," said Frederick, stiffening in spite of himself.

"Oh, I know," said Amanda, with a toss of her head. "We are not so fine as you are, we don't visit with county people, nor that sort of thing. But we have plenty of people come to see us who are better off than the Eastwoods, and better blood, too, so you need not be afraid. Papa has dealings with the very best. We don't like to be slighted," said the beauty, with a gleam of that red light from her beautiful eyes; "and when people put on airs, like your cousin has done, it sets papa's back up. That was why we went against Sir Geoffrey at the election. But I hope you will come, Mr. Eastwood; papa took such a fancy to you."

"I have just been away from the office for a month. I fear I shall not have leisure again for some time," said Frederick, feeling that an invitation from Batty was to be resisted, even when conveyed by such lovely lips.

"How hideous it must be not to be one's own master; to have to ask for 'leave' like a servant," cried Manda, with a laugh; which speech set all Frederick's nerves ajar, and almost released him from the siren.

"Yes, it is a pitiful position," he said, with an angry laugh; "but I may comfort myself that a great many people share it with me. Do you know I am afraid I must leave you. This performance is endless and rather dull."

"Upon my word!" cried Miss Batty, "you are free-spoken, Mr. Frederick. To tell a lady you are dull when she is doing her best to amuse you!"

"I have an engagement—at my club."

"Oh, if you wish to go away, Mr. Eastwood—"

The beauty turned away pouting, turning her lovely shoulders upon him, and tossing her beautiful head. Frederick had risen, partly in the liveliness of personal offense, partly with an impulse of prudence, to escape while he might. But his heart failed him when he saw the averted head, the resentful movement. Amanda turned her head round with a sudden provoking glance. "Oh, have you not gone yet?" she asked. Frederick fell, as it were, on his knees before her.

"Must I go? Have I proved so unworthy of my privilege?" he cried, humbly, taking his seat with deprecating looks. Miss Batty did not wish him to go, and said so freely with unflattering plainness of speech.

"I should be left to listen to papa's snores, which I can hear at home," she said. "I always prefer some one to talk to. I dare say, however, I should not have been left long by myself, for there is Lord Hunterston down below in those horrid stalls, looking up. He is trying to catch my eye. No; I don't care to have too many. I shan't see him as long as you stay."

"Then I shall stay for ever," said Frederick, inspired by that touch of rivalry. Lord Hunterston, however, did manage to find his way up to the box, whether by Miss Manda's permission or not, and Frederick grew stiff and resentful, while the other foolish youth paid his homage. Lord Hunterston pricked him into double eagerness, and sent all the suggestions of prudence to the winds. Amanda proved herself thoroughly equal to the occasion. She kept the two young men in hand with perfect skill. He felt himself pitted against, not Lord Hunterston only, but all the world. It seemed impossible to imagine that this siren, who had conquered himself by a glance, should not attract everybody that had the happiness of approaching her. Terror, jealousy, and pride, all came in to aid the strongest passion of all, which had already taken possession of him—terror of losing her, jealousy of everybody who looked at her, and all the *amour propre* and determination to elevate himself over the heads of his rivals that could lend warmth to a young man's determination. Frederick grew half wild when the time came for him to leave the theatre. He secured her arm to lead her downstairs, but only by dint of having all his wits about him, and taking his rival unawares. And then he was dismissed at the cab-door, with all his nerves tingling, his heart beating, his whole frame in a ferment. He walked home all the way, following the path which her vehicle, so ignoble, and unfit for her to enter, must have taken; he passed under the windows he supposed to be hers, longing impatiently for the morning, when he might see her again.

CHAPTER XX.—WHAT IT IS TO BE "IN LOVE."

THE story of such sudden passion as this, which had come upon Frederick Eastwood, is common enough and well known. Love is a subject which concerns and interests the whole world, and there is not much that is novel to be said about it; it is the event or accident in life of which the gentle reader never tires. Let not that kind listener be shocked if I call it an accident. Frederick Eastwood scarcely slept all night, and when he did drop into a feverish doze, the image of Miss Manda, her golden hair dropping wain and bright upon her beautiful shoulders, the soft rose-white of her hand supporting the milky nose of her cheek, the curves of her face, the splendor and glow of beauty about her, haunted his dreams. His first thought in the

morning was for her. He got up earlier than usual, though he had been late on the previous night. He had no wish to sleep; it was sweeter to wander about the garden in the morning sunshine and think of her, which was a proceeding which filled the family with consternation. When he was discovered at the breakfast-table making himself very pleasant and friendly, the surprise of Nelly and Dick came to a height. He was very communicative and conciliatory, and told them how he had been persuaded to accompany some people whom he met to the play, and that the piece was very stupid, like so many pieces nowadays.

"That's all very well for you who were there," said Dick. "I should like to find out for myself."

"You might have had my share and welcome, old fellow," said Frederick, with undiminished amiability. "I didn't pay much attention, to tell the truth. There was the loveliest girl in the box—a Miss Batty. Her father is a country doctor, I think; but such a beautiful creature!"

"I am sick of golden hair," said Dick, who was moved by a spirit of contradiction. "There are so many of 'em in novels, great, sleek, indolent, cat-like—"

"And rather improper," said Mrs. Eastwood; "doing things that one cannot approve of girls doing. In my day what you call golden hair was known as red. Raven locks were the right thing for a heroine, very smooth and glossy—"

"Well," said Nelly, shaking her own brown locks, "I agree with you, Frederick, there is no hair so lovely as golden hair. Is your beauty going to stay long in town? Do we know any one who knows her? Has she come for the season?"

"They are staying at a hotel," said Frederick, very seriously. "I met the father in Paris, quite by chance. They are not quite in your set, I suppose. But she is simply the most radiant dazzling creature—"

"All red and white and green and blue," said the irrepressible Dick, "with her hair growing down to her eyes—oh, I know! seven feet high, and weighing twelve stone!"

"Yes, that is odd too," said Mrs. Eastwood; "people like that kind of huge woman. In my days now, a light elastic figure—"

"They all died of consumption," said Nelly. She was herself exactly the kind of being of whom her mother described; but she took up the cause of the other with natural perverseness. A curious sense of possible help gleamed across Frederick's mind as he listened. He would not allow himself to realize under what possible circumstances Nelly's championship might be useful to him; but his mind jumped at the thought, with a sudden perception of possibilities which he by no means wished to follow out at once to their full length and breadth. When he went to the office he congratulated himself secretly on his skill in having thus introduced the subject so as to awaken no suspicion—and he went into the conservatory, and cut a lovely little white camellia bud, which Nelly had been saving up for quite another buttonhole. He went to the office first, feeling it too early to be admitted to Amanda's beautiful presence. At twelve he went out, and made his way to the hotel. He found Batty there, but not his daughter.

"Manda? Oh, she's all right," said the father; "but the laziest girl in Christendom. Pretty women are all lazy. I haven't seen her yet, and don't expect to for an hour or more. Have a glass of something, Eastwood, to fill up the time?"

Frederick winced at this free-and-easy address, and hastened to explain that he was on his way to keep a pressing engagement, and would return in the afternoon, to pay his respects to Miss Batty. At three o'clock he went back, and found her, indeed; but found also Lord Hunterston and another visitor, with whom Miss Amanda kept up a very lively conversation. He heard one of the other visitors asked in easy terms to dinner that evening, with again the thrilling prospect of the play after it. He himself, it would seem, had had his day. The only crumb of comfort he procured from the visit was the name of the theatre they were going to. He rushed to Covent Garden, and bought the costliest bouquet he could find, and sent it to her. Then he dined, miserable and solitary, at his club, and went afterward to the blessed theatre in which she was to exhibit her beauty to the world. He saw her from the first moment of her arrival, and watched with horrible sensations from his stall the comfortable arrangement of Lord Hunterston in his corner beside her, and the large figure of the father behind dropping into a gentle doze. He sat and gazed at them in tortures of adoration and jealousy, and as soon as it was practicable, he made his way up to the box; but gained little by it, since Mr. Batty insisted upon waking up, and entertaining him, which he did chiefly by chuckling references to their previous meeting in Paris. Frederick went home half wild to the calm house where his mother and sister were sleeping quietly; and where poor little Innocent alone heard his step coming up-stairs. Had she known it, Innocent was deeply avenged. Amanda Batty had not spared the rash adorer. She had "made fun" of him in a hundred refined and elegant ways, joking about his gravity and serious looks, about his fondness for the theatre, and his kindness in coming to speak to herself. "When I am sure you might have gone behind the scenes if you liked," she said, with a laugh that showed all her pearly teeth. "How I should like to go behind the scenes!"

Frederick, who had made so many sacrifices to appearances, and who was distinguished in society for the stateliness of his demeanor, would have been infinitely insulted had any one else said this; but a man in love is compelled, when the lady of his affections is like Miss Amanda, to put up with insults, and does so in scores of cases with a meekness which is nowhere apparent in his domestic character. Frederick felt himself punctured by shafts of ridicule not too finely pointed. He was even treated with absolute rudeness, Amanda turning her beautiful shoulders upon him, and addressing Lord Hunterston, in the very midst of something Frederick was saying to her. A thrill of momentary fury went through him, but next moment he was abject in his endeavors to get a glance from her—a word of reply.

"Don't you mind her—it's 'Manda's way,'" said Batty, laughing as he saw the gloom on Frederick's face. "The more insulting she is one evening, the nicer she'll be the next. Don't you pay any attention; it's his turn to-night, and yours to-morrow. Don't take it too serious, Eastwood; if you'll be guided by me—"

"I fear I don't quite understand you, Mr. Batty," said poor Frederick, writing in impotent pride at the liberties taken with him.

"As you like—as you like," he said; "you are more likely to want me, I can tell you, than I am to want you."

Frederick answered nothing, but turned from the father, and addressed himself with eager adoration to the daughter; and, perhaps because Amanda was a thorough coquette, and enjoyed her own cleverness in pitting one admirer against another—perhaps because the misery and earnestness in the eyes of her new slave softened her, she was friendly to him for the rest of the evening, and wrapped his foolish soul in happiness. Before they parted he

was made happy by another invitation. They were but to be two nights more in town, and one of these evenings Frederick was to spend with them.

"Be sure and find out for me the very nicest thing that is to be played in London," she said, turning round to him as she left the theatre, though the rival had her hand on his arm. The sweetness of this preference, the sign she made to him as the carriage drove away, contented, and more than contented, Frederick. Next afternoon he went to call on her, at one moment gaining a few words, which made him blessed, at another turning away with his pride lacerated and his heart bleeding.

The evening came at last—the evening of rapture and misery which he was to spend by her side, but which was to be the last. He counted how many hours it could be lengthened out to, and gave himself up to the enjoyment, not daring to forecast to himself what he might say or do before that cycle of happiness was ended. He dressed himself with so much care that Mrs. Eastwood, who had never forgotten that enthusiastic description of Miss Batty, left an uneasiness for which she could give no very distinct reason. This time the roses in the conservatory were not enough for Frederick. He had brought one from Covent Garden, carefully wrapped up in cotton wool; and he spoiled half-a-dozen ties before he could tie one to his satisfaction. His mother peeped at him from the door of her room as he went down-stairs. In consequence of their play-going propensities, the Batts had to dine early. It was but half-past six when Frederick left the Elms in his hansom, which he had taken the trouble to order beforehand. Mrs. Eastwood opened her window, with a faint hope that, perhaps, the wind might convey his instruction to the driver to her anxious ear. She withdrew, blushing, poor soul, when this attempt proved unsuccessful. It was almost dishonorable—like entering at a door. When one does not succeed in a little while of this description, one realizes how ignominious was the attempt.

"Of course, if I had asked him where he was going, he would have told me," she said to herself.

But the truth was that Frederick had so often returned disagreeable answers to such questions, and had made so many remarks upon the curiosity of women, etc., that the household had ceased to inquire into his movements. He was the only one of the family whose comings and goings were not open as daylight to whomsoever cared to see.

His heart beat higher and higher as he threaded the streets, and approached the second-rate London inn which was to him the centre of the world. When he was shown into the room, however, in which dinner was prepared as usual, he went in upon a scene for which he was totally unprepared. Seated by the fire, which had suddenly become unnecessary by a change in the weather, and which made the little room very stuffy and hot, was Amanda, wrapped in a great shawl. Her usual sublime evening toilet had been exchanged for a white dressing-gown, all frills and bows of ribbon. High up on her cheeks, just under her eyes, were two blazing spots of pink. Her face, except for these, was pale and drawn. The sound of her voice, fretful and impatient, was the first thing Frederick heard. By her sat a middle-aged woman, in an elaborate cap, with flowers. There was a medicine-bottle on the mantel-piece. Frederick rushed forward, in wonder and dismay.

"Miss Batty—good God, you are ill!" "You may see that, I think, without asking," said Amanda; "when one is well, one does not show like this, I hope. The last night, too—the last time for ages I shall have the least chance of enjoying myself, or having a little fun. Oh, it is too shocking! When one is at home, with nothing going on, one does not mind; it is always something to occupy one. Oh, go away, please. Dine somewhere with papa. He is waiting for you outside; never mind me. Oh, aunt, can't you be still—rustling and rustling for ever and ever, and setting all my nerves on edge!"

A sudden blackness came over Frederick's soul. "Dine somewhere with papa!" Good heavens! was that the entertainment offered to him after all his hopes? The close room and the sudden revulsion of feeling made him sick and faint. His perfect and faultless costume, the delicate rosebud in his coat, his tie, which it had taken him so much trouble to bring to perfection, his boots, upon which he had been so careful not to have a speck—he looked such a gentleman! Miss Batty belonged to that class which is given to describe its heroes as "looking like gentlemen." Frederick impressed her profoundly and suddenly by this means. She relented as she looked at him.

"Dinner was laid here," she said, "as you see—but I don't think I could stand it—and, then, when one is not dressed or anything, it would not be nice for you—"

"It is perfectly nice for me," said Frederick, coming to life again. "Your dress is always perfect, whatever it may be. Let me stay! What do I care for dining or anything else! Let me be with you. Let me read to you."

"Oh, how you do talk, Mr. Eastwood!" said Amanda, though with a smile. "No, of course you must dine. We must all dine. No, now go away. I could not have it. Let some one call papa, and you can go with him—" She paused for a moment, enjoying the blank misery that once more fell upon Frederick's face, then added, suddenly: "On second thoughts, after all, it might amuse me. Aunt, ring the bell. If you are sure you don't mind my dressing-gown, and the room being so warm, and aunt being here, and the medicine-bottle, and the big fire—well, perhaps," she said, pausing to laugh in a breathless way, "you may stay."

If the Queen had created him Earl of Eastwood, with corresponding revenues, it would have been nothing to the bliss of this moment. He drew a footstool to her feet, and sat down on it, half kneeling, and made his inquiries. What was it? Had she a doctor, the best doctor that London could produce—Jenner, Gull, somebody that could be trusted? Amanda informed him that it was heart-disease from which she was suffering, an intimation which she made not without complacency, but which Frederick felt to pierce him like a horrible, sudden arrow—and that "aunt" here present, whom she introduced with a careless wave of her hand, knew exactly what to do.

"It is dreadful, isn't it, to think I might die any moment?" she said, with a smile.

"Good God!" Frederick said, with unaffected horror, "it cannot be true!" and he sat, stricken dumb, gazing at her, the tears forcing themselves to his eyes.

Mr. Batty entered at this moment, and the man, who was human and a father, was touched by this evidence of emotion. He wrung Frederick's hand, and whispered him aside.

"It ain't as bad as it seems," he said. "We daren't cross her. If she wanted the moon, I'd have to tell her we'd get it somehow. We've known for years that she wasn't to be crossed; but barring that, I hope all's pretty safe. It's bad for her temper, poor girl, but I'm not afraid of her life."

Frederick spent such an evening as he had never spent in his life. He sat at Amanda's feet and read

to her, and talked to her, and listened to her chatter, which was soft and subdued, for she was languid after her spasms. Mr. Batty sat by, and so did the person called aunt. Frederick told his adoration by a hundred signs and inferences. And he went home in such a whirl of sentiment and emotion as I cannot attempt to describe. His love was frantic. She was going away; that was the only drawback to his rapture; and even that impressed a certain intense and ecstatic character upon it, as of a flower snatched from the edge of a precipice of despair.

(To be continued.)

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

THE correspondent of a contemporary remarks that the people of Spain are unlike all others in Europe. No man loves his *pueblo* (native village) with the same earnestness as the Spaniard, but no man has a surer indifference for the country at large. Of course, educated men do not act so, yet it is notorious that they are exceedingly particular to inform one that they are from Catalonia, Murcia, Andalusia, Castile (old), Castile (new), but never from Asturia (the refuge of the Spaniard when the Saracen, with his arms and skill, drove him from the fertile plains of the South), nor Galicia, the capital of which (Santiago) contains the bones of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, and was, at one time, as holy, in the eyes of the pilgrim, as the most favored of Meccas. The Asturian is called a *montanos* also, because the whole province is mountainous.

A Catalonian would as soon marry a woman from Galicia as you would a negress; an Andalusian would not listen to propositions of marriage from a Gallego. This unfortunate province holds the same rank among the Spaniards as Bæotia did among the ancients.

Wealth or official position on the part of an Asturian will thaw out many of the senioritas of the South and East: the Gallego has to content himself with "his own people" when he goes sparkling, and he does so with a fidelity almost without a parallel on earth. The women of Galicia are to be found in all parts of Spain, as house-servants, where they remain for years, husbanding their small pay to send to an indigent relative, or increasing it so that some day she will be able to return to her beloved town or village with enough to furnish a room or two—should she be so fortunate as to meet any of her old neighbors in need of a wife, or she may have thoughts on some kind of business which she will make pay. Under all circumstances she will return to Galicia to die, and if she has no relations, all that she has goes to the padre, to pray for her soul and the souls of all her ancestors. The porters, stevedores and laborers in all parts of Spain, especially in the southern seaports, are from Galicia. They are broad-shouldered, and very strong, and temperate in their habits. They work for years two or three hundred miles from their native village, and save their earnings so scrupulously, that they deny themselves very often articles of raiment sooner than touch a cent of their savings. Like the women, they return to marry or die, and are happy. The language of the people is a *patois*, unintelligible to most Spaniards. The Catalonians, too, have a *patois* almost impossible to comprehend. At Madrid one hears pure Castilian; but it is from the lips of an Andalusian you must hear the music of the tongue which Carlos Cinco said was the only one fit to pray in.

The provinces north of Tarragona, Madrid and Salamanca are inhabited by a hardy, industrious, but poor class of people. Barcelona and vicinity has more enterprise than all Spain; it is called the Manchester of the Peninsula, but it is a very small one. The majority of the people are ignorant, but not bad. They would be good Republicans if they knew what Republicanism is, but they do not. A king or queen is next to God. Their simplicity is astonishing. Too many charlatans take advantage of it for selfish purposes.

The southern provinces are more intelligent and corrupt. Andalusia is the headquarters of Republicanism, and is unquestionably the richest, and has a larger proportion of educated men than any other province. Her numerous seaports, and immense products of fruit, oil, wine and lead have attracted to her cities and towns men from all parts of Europe, who, as a rule, discountenance Republicanism; but these are eloquent on liberty, as they understand it. Intelligence of a high order is characteristic of the Spanish Republican. There is not a man in Spain fit to compare with Castelar, as an orator and scholar, for his years—an ardent Republican. There are many others of whom we will speak hereafter.

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Canton of Geneva has voted the law ordering the Curés to be elected by the people, by a vote of some 9,000 voters against few or none. The Catholic voters, who are said not to exceed 6,000, all abstained from the polls. But though the Catholics were in the minority on the electoral list, they seem to be in the majority in the population—the returns in 1860 showing a population of 42,300 Catholics to 41,000 Protestants. If this be still the proportion, popular riots may be feared as a result of any attempt to enforce the new law.

MARCH the 22d—the day on which the Emperor William completed his seventy-sixth year—was celebrated throughout all Germany with unusual demonstrations of rejoicing. The Press of the Empire was unanimous in expressions of unwavering loyalty. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* exclaims: "We rise to-day with gratitude, with our eyes raised toward God, who has condescended to give us such an Emperor and such a King. We regard without envy the other peoples of the world, to whom with pride we point out the foundation of our political organization—the monarchical power personified in our august sovereign and supported by our loyalty and unwavering devotion. Let us, then, pay to our gray-haired monarch the homage of our love.... And let us pray the all-powerful Ruler of the destinies of nations that the Emperor William may long be preserved full of health and strength to his Empire and his people."

THE refusal of Mr. Lowe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to subsidize an expedition to discover the site of Troy, brings forth the following remarks of approval from the *London Daily Telegraph*: "There is an irrelevant Yankee story of a whale caught off the coast of Newfoundland, which had in its stomach a pair of Wellington boots marked with a distinct 'J.' The New York Press—or, at any rate, a portion of it—accepted this strange catch as proof positive of the history of Jonah. To dig in the Troad with a view to discovering the tomb of Achilles is no less absurd than to send a whaling expedition to the South Seas with a view of discovering and recovering Jonah's boots. The number of 'objects' of antiquarian interest which are at present missing is something perfectly appalling. Where is the cake which Alfred burnt, the chair in which Canute sat on the sea-shore? the ropes with which Ulysses was bound to the mast when he sailed past the rocks of the Sirens, the golden bough with which Æneas went down

to Hades, the club with which Hercules killed the Hydra, the tortoise-shell with which poor old Æschylus was brained? Why should not Mr. Lowe to-morrow be asked for a Government grant to aid in the recovery of each and all of these inestimable relics?"

THE principal figures of the French budget for 1874 are given in a telegram from Versailles. The expenditure is estimated at 2,523,000,000 francs, against 2,374,000,000 francs in 1873. The receipts are estimated at 2,626,000,000 francs, the budget thus showing a surplus revenue of 8,000,000 francs. The increase in the expenditure, amounting to 138,000,000 francs, consists of the following proportions: Public debt and dotations, 81,000,000 francs; War Department, 39,000,000 francs; and general expenses, 18,000,000 francs. The Minister of Finance has proposed to raise the land tax 17 centimes, the personal, furniture, door and window taxes, 13 centimes, and to reduce the license tax 17 centimes. The increased revenue thus derived is estimated at 39,000,000 francs. The budget comprises a sum of 700,000,000 francs, under the head of liquidation account, which includes 400,000,000 francs for the repair of the war material and for the purchase of stores, 75,000,000 francs for the subsistence of the German troops, and 275,000,000 francs for various indemnifications. The Minister of Finance calculates that these special branches of expenditure will in five years be reduced to about 130,000,000 francs, which will be placed to the account of the floating debt, the total of which is at present estimated at 847,000,000 francs, which sum includes 140,000,000 francs, the deficit of the budget of 1872.

A VERY enthusiastic meeting took place at Exeter Hall lately in support of Mr. Plimsoll's Bill against unseaworthy ships. Lord Shaftesbury made an eloquent speech on behalf of Mr. Plimsoll, and Mr. Plimsoll, who was received with the utmost passion of enthusiasm—and who elicited, by the way, as great a demonstration in favor of Mr. Gladstone when he called him "the best Minister England ever had"—explained the provisions of his Bill, and narrated the origin of his campaign. He left London some years ago for Redcar, in a steamer which was surveyed twice a year, and therefore was in good repair, and encountered a fearful storm, in which his wife had expected him to perish. He arrived safely, but the sympathy he and his wife felt with other women whose husbands had perished owing to the unseaworthiness of their ships made him and his wife resolve that he would devote "himself and his influence, his time and his money, his body and his soul, to the efforts he was now making." It is evident that the English "enthusiasm of humanity" has been especially roused by this campaign of Mr. Plimsoll's. Not only does the sailor always touch the English imagination, but the hideous picture of these "floating coffins" has engraved itself as a singularly typical specimen of avicious selfishness on the plain English conscience.

THE taxation of Great Britain has been reduced during the last ten years—only two years showing an excess of taxes imposed over those repealed or reduced. The income tax is now to be fixed at the lowest point it has ever stood since it was first introduced in 1842. During the intervening thirty-one years it has ranged from four pence in the pound to sixteen pence. Only four years has it been so low as four pence, and now for the first time it will be three pence. The yield of this tax last year was about £7,000,000, so that the reduction takes off £1,750,000. The tax on sugar has yielded in the neighborhood of £6,000,000, and a reduction of fifty per cent. takes off £3,000,000. Mr. Lowe must certainly reckon upon a great increase of income and imports to make his estimate good, since the total reduction from last year's receipts is short of £3,000,000. It may be, and it is very likely, that the figures as telegraphed are incorrect. In one case they certainly are. The national debt was stated to be £785,000,000. At the close of the last fiscal year it was £736,141,900, and if it has been reduced by £6,861,000 since that time the present debt would be £729,280,900. The reduction given is certainly very near the true figure. In the first three-quarters of the year the reduction was nearly £3,000,000, and the surplus in the last quarter has been very large. The total surplus, according to the telegraphed statement, was nearly £6,000,000, and all of this is made by law applicable to the payment of the debt.

SCIENTIFIC.

AN International Congress is to meet in Vienna, on August 4th, to discuss the question of Patent Rights. The Congress, which was suggested by President Grant, will consist of scientific men, manufacturers, political economists, and skilled workmen. Each Government will be represented by a special delegate.

ACCORDING to the *London Athenæum*, Mr. Mariotta has lately been calling attention to a new process for preserving meat fresh. This consists in dipping the fresh meat into melted butter and then packing it in salt. The examination of the specimens furnished by him is said to have been quite satisfactory; but in the opinion of the *Athenæum*, it does not differ essentially from that of dipping the meat in paraffine, which answered for a temperate climate, but failed in a tropical region.

THE largest catalogue of stars that has ever been published in America is now about to appear from the United States Naval Observatory at Washington. This work, as we learn from a recent communication of Professor Yarnall, will embody all the valuable observations made since the foundation of the observatory, in 1842, with the meridian instruments, consisting of the work of the well-known astronomers, Coffin, Hubbard, Ferguson, Newcomb, Hall, Harkness, and Yarnall. Over fifteen years of labor have been devoted to it by Professor Yarnall and his assistants, and he has himself made nearly one-half of the observations. The catalogue will be based on over eighty thousand observations of more than ten thousand stars, many of them being quite faint, and in extreme southern latitudes, such as have never, or rarely, hitherto been observed.

MAILON LOOMIS, a dentist of Washington, D. C., has patented a new mode of telegraphing and generating light, heat, and motive power. The nature of his invention or discovery consists, in general terms, of utilizing natural electricity and establishing an electrical current or circuit for telegraphic and other purposes without the aid of wires, artificial batteries, or cables to form such electrical circuit, and yet communicate from one continent of the globe to another. In describing his invention, Dr. Loomis says: "As in dispensing with the double wire (which was first used in telegraphing), and making use of but one, substituting the earth instead of a wire to form one-half the circuit, so I now dispense with both wires, using the earth as one-half the circuit, and the continuous electrical element far above the earth's surface for the other part of the circuit. I also dispense with all artificial batteries, but use the free electricity of the atmosphere, co-operating with that of the earth, to supply the electrical dynamic force or current for telegraphing and for other useful purposes, such as light, heat, and motive power." His plan is to seek as high an elevation as possible on the tops of lofty mountains, and there connect with the atmospheric stratum or ocean overlying local disturbances. On these mountains he proposes to erect towers and apparatus to attract the electrical equilibrium, producing shocks or pulsations which traverse or disturb the

positive electrical body of the atmosphere above, and by communicating through an insulated wire with the negative electrical body in the earth below, to form the electrical circuit. He claims to have thoroughly tested his discovery by telegraphing between two mountains in Virginia twenty miles apart.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

JOHN C. FREMONT is 60 years old.
DARWIN is married, and has a large family.
EDMUND ABOUT still remains under arrest.
THERE are 138 papers published in Texas.
BLACKBERRIES are now luscious in Jacksonville, Fla.
THE bounty on foxes has been abolished in Connecticut.
BINGHAMPTON (N. Y.) lawyers are known as Damascus blades.
ANOTHER Texas Jack is coming North. He weighs 410 pounds.
GOVERNOR DIX will preside at the Seward memorial celebration.
THE amusement cure is resorted to in the Boston Insane Asylum.
DR. LIVINGSTONE'S English friends expect him home this time next year.
CALIFORNIA working-people have upward of \$51,000,000 in the savings-banks.
SENATOR JONES, of Nevada, intends erecting a \$100,000 residence in Washington.
NEW ORLEANS claims that her annual exports of produce exceed \$100,000,000.

THE Empress Eugénie pays frequent visits to her husband's tomb at Chiselhurst.

L. N. REAVIS is again talking about calling a National Capital Removal Convention.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY has just graduated a young woman as a "Bachelor of Laws."

A MAINE postmaster recently caught the smallpox from a letter which he handled.

THE wreck of the steamer *Motis*, under water off the coast of Rhode Island, has been sold for \$500.

FRUDE, it is said, will be sent to the House of Commons by the Orangemen of the North of Ireland.

THE Emperor William, Prince von Bismarck, and General von Moltke, visit the Czar on the 25th instant.

CROWN-PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM and his wife, the Princess Victoria, leave Berlin for Vienna on the 26th instant.

ANNUALLY the United States grows about 130,000,000 bushels of potatoes—three for every man, woman and child.

THE Wyandotte (Ky.) Poorhouse shelters two sisters, one of whom is six feet eight, the other six feet three in height.

A MAN of Lowell, Mass., and his wife, were both born on the same day, and have just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary.

CINCINNATI made 11,038,839 gallons of whisky in 1872, which is a full barrel for every man, woman and child in that city.

GENERAL HANCOCK is to go to Wilmington on the 22d of April, to transfer the Delaware battle-flags to the State Historical Society.

A WEST VIRGINIA pensioner received a check, duly signed, with the amount left blank. The honest fellow returned it for correction.

TWO YEARS hence Washington will have in its streets the following colossal statues: Washington, Jackson, Scott, Grant, Thomas and Farragut.

MISS RIDE ZOLLIFFER, daughter of General Zollicoffer, has been appointed to write and read an essay on the female characters of Shakespeare.

THE Pennsylvania papers are demanding of the President the names of the "prominent citizens" who requested the pardon of Brown, the repealer.

MRS. JAMES H. MITCHELL, noted years ago for her brilliancy and hospitality in society, lately died at Bridgewater, Mass. Webster and Choate were among her friends.

MR. JAMES SMITH, an Australian journalist, has received a spiritual communication that the world is to be "burned as black as a forgotten toast by a wave of fire" within a year.

A GEORGIA clairvoyant revealed the whereabouts of \$10,000 recently stolen in Savannah, and the ungrateful owner promptly had her arrested for the theft, and she confessed her guilt.

A CONTRACT has just been closed to transport from Austin, Texas, by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad, over 100 car-loads of sheep (about 9,000), for the New York market.

A WEDDING party in the Church of Notre-Dame de Lorette, Paris, were all victimized by a pick-pocket, who went so thoroughly through their ranks that not enough was left to pay the marriage fees.

REV. VIVIAN MOYLE, a clergyman of the Church of England, has been sentenced in York, England, to seven years' imprisonment for the commission of a series of forgeries, to which he pleaded guilty.

BOSTON stands aghast once more at the audacity of the organ-grinders, who have invented a new torture, taking their position on the platform of the street-cars, and grinding out "tunes" during the whole trip.

WHILE a clergyman in Atlanta, Ga., was extolling the excellence of charity, on a recent Sunday evening, an unknown man suddenly arose from his seat, walked to the pulpit and laid a roll of greenbacks beside the Bible.

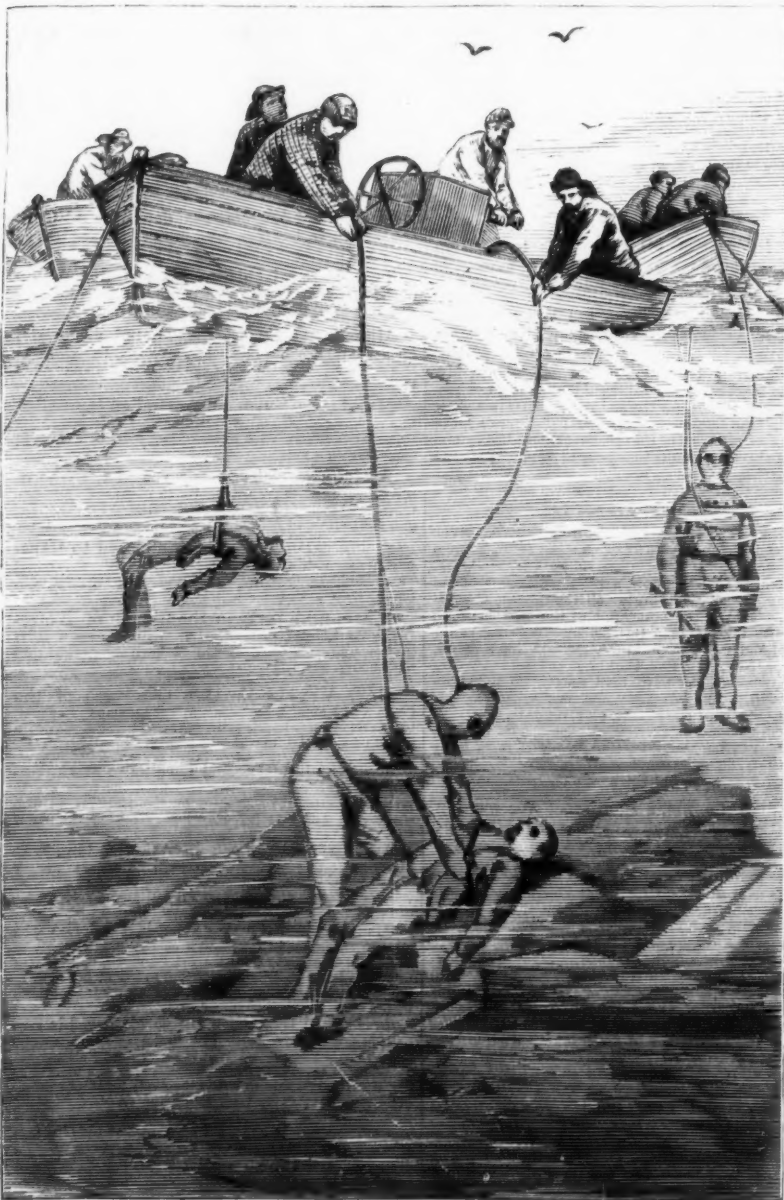
MR. ROBERT GRAVES, the last of the old class of engravers of the Royal Academy, died recently in London. His latest complete print was the portrait of Charles Dickens. He was elected to the Academy in 1836, having just then completed his line engraving of Lord Byron.

IT is said that when Bismarck saw his son disappear where the battle of Gravelotte was fought, he left the royal party and went into a tent to hide his expression of grief. Unfortunately the tent was too small, and it is implied that the grave Premier's legs stuck out to ludicrous evince by their action the emotion of their possessor.

GOVERNOR WALKER has appointed the following Commissioners to represent the State of Virginia at the Vienna Exposition: General Bradley T. Johnson, Charles J. Anderson, E. Robinson, J. R. V. Daniel, and Major Frederick Scott, of Richmond; Professor M. W. Humphreys, of Lexington; Alexander McDonald, of Lynchburg; Simon H. Hieb, of Staunton; and Professor J. C. Foerster, of Alexandria.



THIRD OFFICER BRADY AND FISHERMAN CLANCY HOLDING THE ROPE BY MEANS OF WHICH THE RESCUED GOT FROM THE SHIP TO THE SHORE.



DIVERS, SEEN THROUGH THE CLEAR WATER, GOING DOWN TO THE WRECK.

NOVA SCOTIA.—LATEST SCENES AND INCIDENTS AT THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC."—FROM SKETCHES BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 105.



PEOPLE EXAMINING DEAD BODIES FOR MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION.



VISITORS IN SEARCH OF LOST FRIENDS IDENTIFYING RECOVERED RELICS OF THE DEAD.



NOVA SCOTIA.—WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC"—GENERAL VIEW, FROM THE HILLS, OF THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 105.

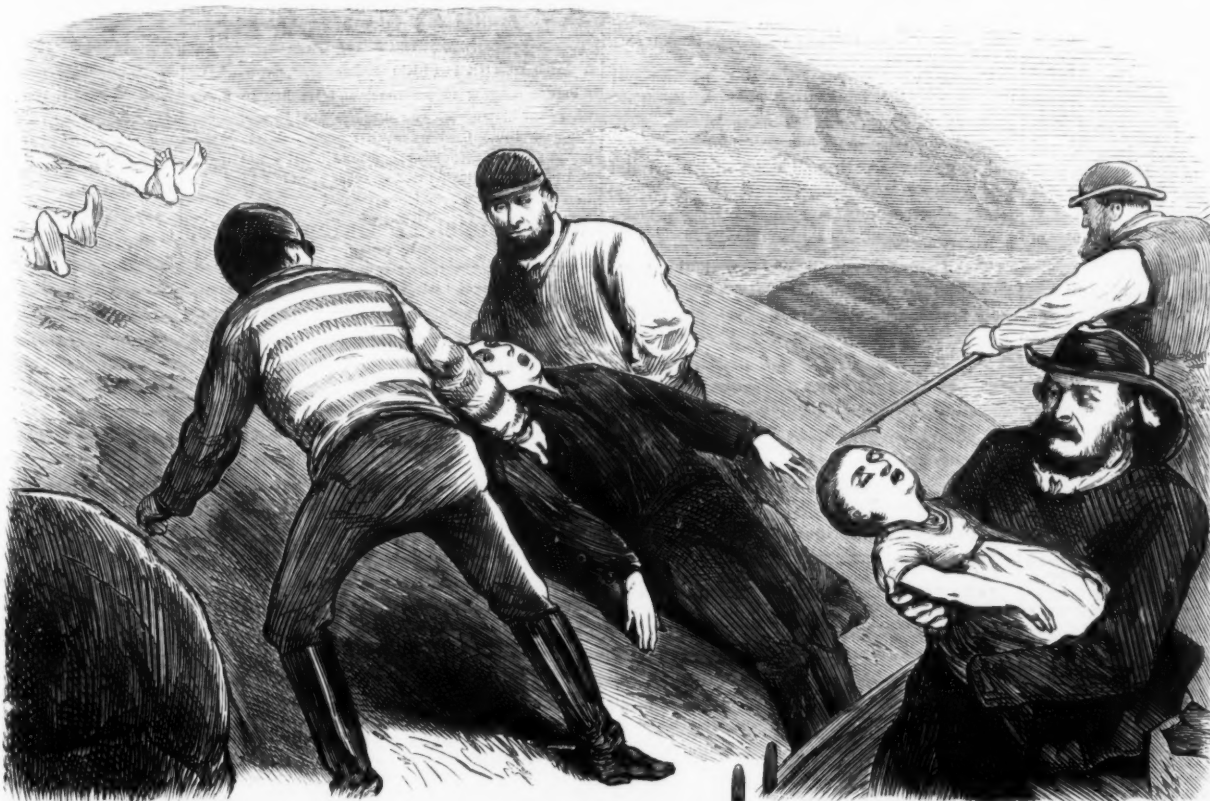
TESTIMONIALS

TO THE

GENEVA ARBITRATORS.

SHORTLY after the decision of the Court of Arbitration upon the Alabama Claims, at Geneva, the United States solicited of the three Arbitrators a statement of the pecuniary obligations of our Government for their memorable labors. Each of the gentlemen declined to accept any compensation whatever, and probably regarded the correspondence with Secretary Fish as final. Upon the receipt of the decision of the Arbitrators, however, it was determined to bestow upon them a testimonial suggestive of American gratitude and workmanship. An order was accordingly given to Tiffany & Co., of New York, to prepare three sets of silver, of similar design and finish, for presentation—to Mr. Staempfli, of the Swiss Confederation, Vicomte d'Itajuba, of Brazil, and Count Sclopis, of Italy.

Each of these solid sterling silver sets consists of a centre-piece, two vases, and a pair of candelabra. Richly chased and decorated in parcel gilt and satin finish, bearing allegorical figures, in basso-relievo, indicative of Agriculture and Commerce, the exquisite workmanship of these pieces entitles them to rank as the



NOVA SCOTIA.—WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC"—FISHERMEN BRINGING THE RECOVERED BODIES ASHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 105.

finest works of the kind ever made in America, and, fully equal to the productions of the Old World, they are alike creditable to the nation and the manufacturers.

On each centre-piece is an inscription in English. We annex the reading on the one intended for the Brazilian Viscount. On those for the other Arbitrators, their names, titles, etc., were correctly engraved, the eulogistic expressions being alike on each testimonial:

"The United States of America to Vicomte d'Itajuba, the Arbitrator named by His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, under the provisions of Art. I. of the Treaty between the United States and Her Britannic Majesty, concluded at Washington, May 8th, 1871, as a mark of their appreciation of the dignity, learning, ability and impartiality with which he discharged his arduous duties at Geneva."

The testimonials have been sent to Minister Washburne, at Paris, who will forward them to the Arbitrators. Each set was shipped in a separate case, made especially for the purpose, of solid mahogany, with heavy gilt mountings, lined with green velvet, and divided into compartments, in which each piece is made secure by means of pins and chains, so as to guard against accidents during transmission.



NEW YORK.—SILVER SERVICE PRESENTED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT TO THE GENEVA ARBITRATORS, MANUFACTURED BY TIFFANY & CO., NEW YORK.

The distinguished gentlemen to whom these articles are given may well be congratulated in being the recipients of such beautiful testimonials of a nation's courtesy, which, more than anything else of the kind ever sent abroad, show the advanced skill of workmen who derive support from the growing culture and taste of the American people.

It is rumored that these *chef-d'œuvres* will be prominently shown at the coming Exhibition at Vienna, where their beauty and importance as international compliments cannot fail to attract full attention and approval.

HAWAIIAN SEA-BEACH SCENE.

IN a pleasant article on Hawaii, the *Overland Monthly*, through the lips of a certain tourist, makes the following observations on a sea-beach scene:

"To the beach, by all means!" cried I, and to the beach we hastened, where, indeed, we found heaps of cast-off raiment, and a hundred foot-prints in the sand. What would Mr. Robinson Crusoe have said to that, I wonder? Across the level water, heads, hands and shoulders, and sometimes half bodies, were floating about, like the *amphibia*. We were at once greeted with a shout of welcome, which came faintly to us above the roar of the surf, as it broke heavily on the reef, a half-mile out from shore. It was drawing toward the hour when the fishers came to land, and we had not long to wait before, one after another, they came out of the sea, like so many mermen and mermaids. They were refreshingly innocent of etiquette, at least of our translation of it; and with a freedom that was amusing, as well as a little embarrassing, I was deliberately fingered, fondled and fussed with by nearly every dusky soul in turn.

"At last," thought I, "fate has led me beyond the pale of civilization, for this begins to look like the genuine article."

"With uncommon slowness, the mermaids donned more or less of their apparel, a few preferring to carry their robes over their arms, for the air was delicious, and ropes of sea-weed are accounted full dress in that delectable latitude. Down on the sand the mermen heaped their scaly spoils—fish of all shapes and sizes, fish of every color; some of them throwing somersaults in the sand, like young athletes; some of them making wry faces, in their last agony; some of them lying still and clammy, with big, round eyes, like smoked pearl vest-buttons, set in the middle of their cheeks—all of them smelling fish-like, and none of them looking very tempting. Small boys laid hold on small fry, bit their heads off, and held the silver-coated morsels between their teeth, like animated sticks of candy. There was a Fridayish and Lent-like atmosphere hovering over the spot, and I turned away to watch some youths who were riding surf-boards not far distant—agile, narrow-hipped youths, with tremendous biceps, and proud, impudent heads, set on broad shoulders, like young gods. These were the flower and chivalry of the Meha blood, and they swam like young porpoises, every one of them."

CURIOUS STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.

TO people of a statistical rather than a sentimental turn, the mathematics of marriage in different countries may prove an attractive theme of meditation. It is found that young men from fifteen to twenty years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves; but if they delay marriage until they are twenty or twenty-five years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves; and thenceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age, on the bridegroom's part, it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an every-day occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac. Again, the husbands of young women aged twenty and under, average a little above twenty-five years, and the inequality of age diminishes thenceforward, till for women who have reached thirty the respective ages are equal; after thirty-five years, women, like men, marry those younger than themselves, the disproportion increasing with age, till at fifty-five it averages nine years.

The greatest number of marriages for men take place between the ages of twenty and twenty-five in England, between twenty-five and thirty in France, and between twenty-five and thirty-five in Italy and Belgium. Finally, in Hungary, the number of individuals who marry is 72 in a thousand each year; in England it is 64; in Denmark, 59; in France, 57; the city of Paris showing 53; in the Netherlands, 52; in Belgium, 43; in Norway, 36. Widowers indulge in second marriages three or four times as often as widows. For example, in England (and of Mrs. Bardell) there are 60 marriages of widowers against 21 of widows; in Belgium there are 48 to 16; in France, 40 to 12. Old Mr. Weller's paternal advice, to "beware of the widows," ought surely to be supplemented by a maxim, to beware of widowers.

LANTERNS IN CHINA.

A CHINAMAN and his lantern are inseparable. Let him start on any errand which is likely to occupy him until sunset, and his lantern will be the first article that he lays hands on to carry with him. Even on the brightest moonlight night he considers it his duty to provide himself with artificial light; and it is a curious sight, at a large fire at night, to see the crowds which fill the streets, every man with his lantern held aloft, although the practice originated, no doubt, in the absence of any system of public lighting for the streets and highways. The lantern has none the less its uses in daylight. Suspended over doorways and along the fronts of shops, it declares the surname of the proprietor within, in huge characters, and no respectable domicile is without one. Indeed, all lanterns, whether carried in the hand or otherwise, are inscribed with the surnames of their owners, so that, while walking the street of a night, a man can always discern that his friend Jones or Robinson is approaching long before his figure is discernible. Official persons show their titles on their lanterns, not their names, a rule which is frequently abused by vagabonds, who have only to show a lantern inscribed "The Magistrate," to be able to extract money from the weak and unwary. Wealthy families and officials affect the large, globular lantern; the common classes a smaller one, of cylindrical shape. The characters are always inscribed in red or black paint, save in time of mourning, when blue is employed. Lanterns form an important adjunct to all processions—idolatrous, hyemeneal and funeral—and on such occasions, the larger the lantern, the more imposing is its effect considered.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

MEN with winning ways—Successful gamblers.

A CELLAR under ground—A defunct tradesman.

A HINT.—Those young ladies who make up their faces do not always find young men to make up their minds.

MRS. PARTINGTON thinks that the grocers ought to hire a music-teacher to teach them the scales correctly.

THEATRICAL RIDDLE.—Why is a sick car-horse like an unsuccessful play? Because it won't run, and can't draw.

ILLEGAL.—A punster challenged a sick man's vote at the city election on the ground that he was an *il* legal voter.

WHAT is the difference between electricity and a fool? One is simply marvelous, and the other is marvelously simple.

MRS. MANOVERER says she possesses great resources in her dear daughters, only she has not yet been able to *husband* them.

WHAT is the difference between a mischievous mouse and a beautiful young lady? One harms the cheese, the other charms the host.

The most striking difference between a foolish person and a looking-glass, is that the one speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking.

WHAT is the difference between a stock-broker and a critic? None; because neither having anything of his own, they live on the property of those who have.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—A young gentleman, speaking of a young beauty's fashionable yellowish hair, called it pure gold. "It ought to be," quoth K—; "it looks like twenty-four carrots."

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

"PUNCH" thus hits off the coal famine: "Mrs. Brown presents her compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hopes they will give her the pleasure of their company at a fire party on Monday, March 3d; fires lighted at 6:30."

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a hisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; "in those days I once had a military ball come to me. And what do you think it did? It took my leg off!"

PRUSSIAN ASCENDENCY.—We understand that the spread of Prussian military principles in the army is so decided, that the guard which nightly goes to defend the Bank of England always marches to the tune of "The Watch on the Rhine-o."

IDIOMATIC.—A Frenchman soliciting relief of an English lady said, gravely, to his fair hearer: "Madame, I nevaire beg, but dat I have von rife vid several small family, dat is growing very large, and noddin' to make their bread out of but the perspiration of my own eyebrows."

THE LABOR QUESTION.—"How shall we settle the labor question?" exclaimed a member of the Georgia Legislature, in the midst of his speech. "By all going to work and earning your living honestly!" thundered a spectator in the gallery. That sentiment brought down the house.

TWO GENTLEMEN traveling in the North of Scotland alighted at an inn for the purpose of refreshing themselves and their horses. One of them, on leaving before the other, called to the hostler, a bright gem from the Emerald Isle, to fetch out his horse; but poor Paddy could not, for the life of him, remember which of the horses the gentleman was owner of. He was not to be done, however. Saddling both horses, he brought them out, knowing that the rider would choose his own steed. "This is my horse, Pat," said the traveler. "Och, your honor," replied Pat, "I knew that one was, but I didn't know which of the two was the other gentleman's."

WANTED.—Complete files of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, from Vol. 11, 1860-61, to Vol. 19, inclusive. Unbound copies preferred. Address, stating price, E. G. S., care this office.

It is only those firms who have REAL bargains to offer who are now doing the business. I have the following stock at an immense reduction, and, as the readers of this paper are aware, I carry nothing but the very finest kind of goods. A little money will go further now than it ever has before in this line. Ladies' Jewelry, \$125 sets, \$62.50; \$50 sets, \$25; \$25 pairs of earrings, \$12.50. Pearl and Diamond Engagement Rings, of my own manufacture, and in original designs (read the article on engagement rings in my new Spring Circular, now ready, and free to all). Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-Case Watches, in every variety of casing. Opera and Royal Opera Solid Gold Chains. The Gorham Solid Silverware. Any goods C. O. D., privilege to examine before paying. F. J. NASH, 712 Broadway, New York.

"Worthy of the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate*. "Whose goods are just what he represents them."—*Christian Union*. eow

NO FEMALE SUFFRAGE YET.—But something far better and more valuable, a Wilson sewing machine for every wife and mother in the Union, and at the low price of \$50 each for the full finished machine. People ask why the Wilson, a leading machine in all respects, can be sold for \$50. The answer is easy and direct—because its proprietors do not belong to a great "ring," whose purpose it is to keep up the price of sewing machines. They are the true friends of the people, and show their sincerity in a way that cannot be misunderstood. Salesroom at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the United States. The company want agents in country towns.

M. DESSERT, of 276 Bowery, has gained a very flattering reputation for the variety, elegance and propriety of his Theatrical Costumes and Wigs. In these days, when so many of the *crème de la crème* of society extemporize lively plays for their own amusement and for the benefit of charities, we are very happy to recommend M. Dessert to the attention of the Theatrical World and the *élite* of our Amateur friends.

MR. THOMAS S. WEATHERBEE, of Camden, N. J., purchased a Grover & Baker Lock Stitch Sewing Machine in 1862, and earned five hundred dollars on it, doing army sewing during the war, the Machine also doing the sewing for his family. It is still in perfect order and doing the work of five in family, besides a large amount of work for neighbors.

Purge out the Morbid Humors of the Blood by a dose or two of **AYER'S PILLS**, and you will have clearer heads as well as bodies.

WHO wants a HAT? Go to **DOUGAN**, Manufacturer and Importer of GENTS' HATS, 108 Nassau, cor. of Ann Street. 916-28

SOMETHING NEW.—A copartnership to be known under the style of Croney & Tuttle has been established at No. 35 Union Square, for the purpose of carrying on the importation of gentlemen's furnishing goods. The elegant store, on the west side of the Square, is a miniature world of fashion, particularly in the lines of shirts and articles of neck-wear, the firm enjoying unusual facilities for obtaining at the earliest moment the choicest fashions decided upon in London and Paris. As each steamship brings a fresh assortment, the advantage of consulting Messrs. Croney & Tuttle before purchasing elsewhere is apparent.

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100 cartons Gros-Grain Sash Ribbons, \$1 a yard, warranted all silk. 20 cartons 8-in. Watered Sash Ribbons, \$1.35; worth \$2.50. 50 cartons of 7-inch Black Plaid, 65c. per yard. 50 cartons 7-in. Plain Sash Ribbons, 95c.; warranted all silk. All the new SPRING SHADES in BONNET RIBBONS.

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We are offering **UNUSUAL** bargains in Black and
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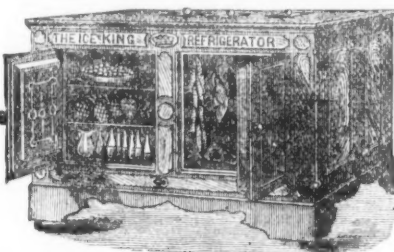
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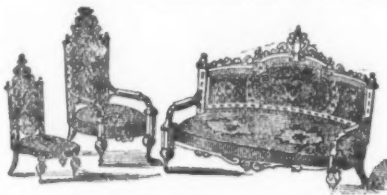
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